

JEFFRIES-CORBETT DOUBLE PAGE

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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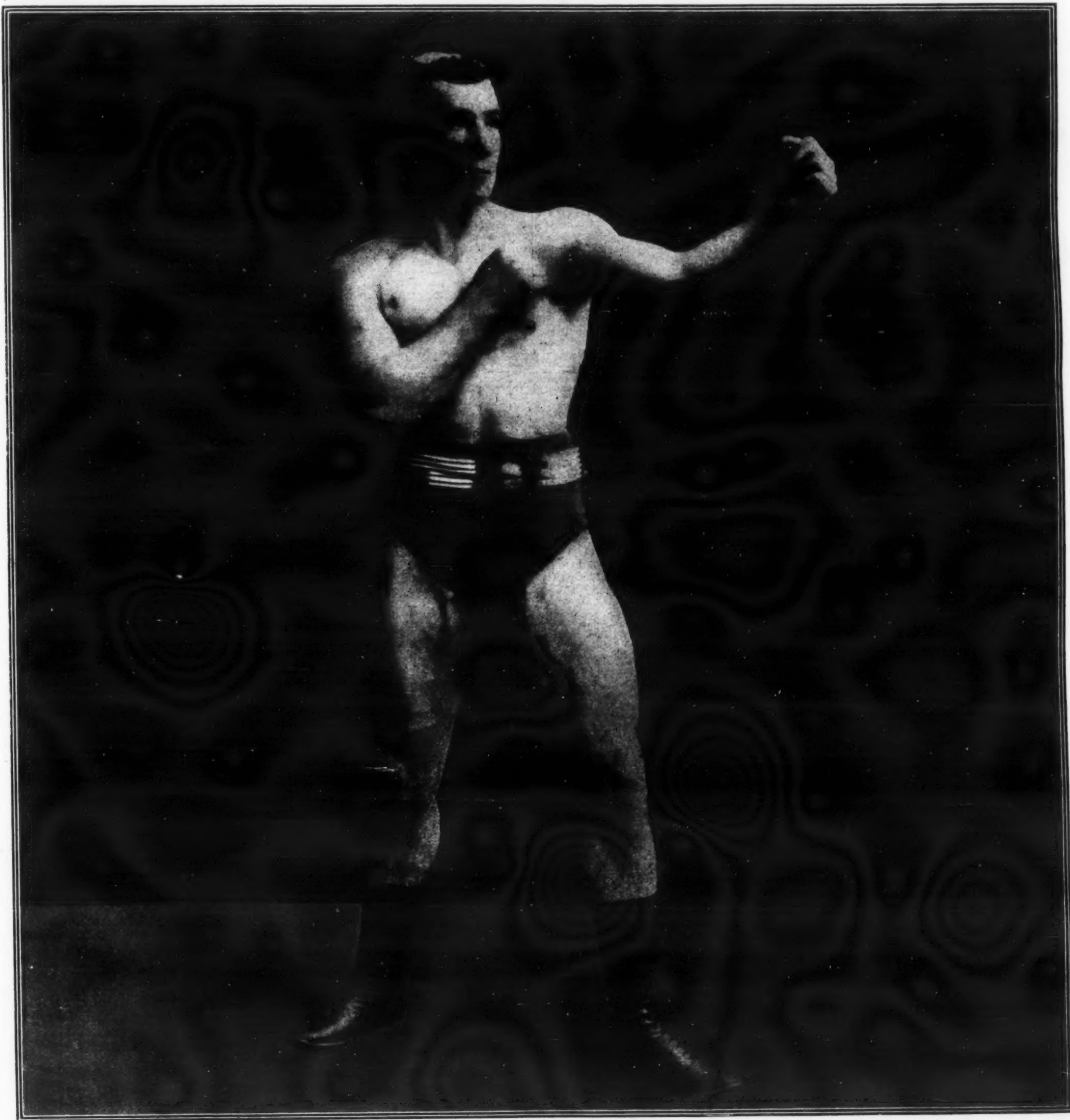


Photo by Hall: New York.

TOM SHARKEY.

HE HAS BEEN MATCHED TO MEET CHAMPION TOM JENKINS IN A WRESTLING MATCH.



RICHARD K. FOX.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

338-340 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

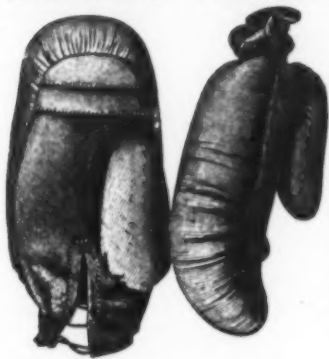
Saturday, August 15, 1903.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
as Second-class Mail Matter.

Subscription, \$4.00 a Year.

ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

BOXING CLOVES FREE



A fine set of gloves made of the best Yucatan kid and filled with fine quality hair will be given as a premium to anyone sending in \$4.75 for one year's subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE.

RICHARD K. FOX,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

CHALLENGES.

If You Are Looking For a Contest
You'll Find It Here.

[If you desire to issue a challenge of any kind, send it to be published in this column. The "Police Gazette" will hold your forfeits and help you to make a match. If you have a good photograph of yourself send that in too.]

The "Deadwood Kid," of Deadwood, S. D., is willing to meet any 125-pound boxer for a side bet.

Jimmy Kelly would like to meet Jimmy Gardner again, and states that his injured hand is on the mend.

"Kid" Jeffries can get a match at 128 pounds by addressing the "Stellan Kid," 128 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

"Kid" Curley, a clever young bantam, has issued a challenge to meet George Munroe, Pinky Evans or Tommy Love.

Joseph Phillips, of 248 Lawrence avenue, Parkville, L. I., challenges any barber to meet him in a boxing contest at 120 pounds.

Jack Marrow, a promising featherweight, of New York, would like a crack at any of the 122 pounders and will make a side bet.

If you want to read the best account of the Corbett-Jeffries fight in San Francisco, for the heavyweight championship of the world, see next week's POLICE GAZETTE. A special illustrated supplement will have it all.

Joseph Kosid writes that he would like to meet Mike Schreck at any terms suitable to him, and can be addressed at Hinsdale, Ill.

H. Stern, champion ragtime pianist, is open to meet all comers, Mike Bernard preferred. Can be found at 1460 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I have tried several times to get Billy Farren to meet Vernon Campbell, but never could get Farren to consent to a meeting."—George Kelly.

Russell and Locke, two clever double-step buck dancers, are open to meet any team and would like to arrange a contest before they open on the Keith circuit.

Tom Carpenter, the Jersey City middleweight, whom many think is a comer, would like a battle with Tom Carey or Sandy Ferguson before one of the Boston clubs.

Natty Jacobs, the East Side, New York, welterweight, would like to secure a match with some 145-pound man. Patsey Sweeney, Martin Duffy or Tommy Ryan, of New York, can have a chance.

Johnny Burns, the New York featherweight, would like to meet Jimmy Briggs, "Kid" Goodman, Dave Sullivan, or Tim Callahan, in a bout at from 126 to 130 pounds, for any part of a side bet of \$200.

Andrew Tokell, the English bantam, writes from England that he would like another try at Forbes or any other man at 116 pounds for twenty rounds. Tokell says he has backing to the extent of \$2,500.

I am willing to meet any fencer of reputation in the world at any time. I note Gerardino Cetrulo's challenge to me and if he will prove that he is in my class, I will meet him.—Generoso Pavese, 12 E. Centre street, Baltimore, Md.

HARD LUCK COMES TO THE —SHE TAKES TO THE WOODS— RED-HAIRED SOUBRETTE

The Sad, Sad Tale of a Silver-Tongued Theatrical Manager and an Unsuccessful Roof Garden.

HERE'S A WAIL OF WOE FROM AN EX-BLONDE.

Changed Her Tresses to Raven Black to Get an Engagement, but Lost it and Her Friend George, From Columbus, O.

The Red-headed Serio Comic was hard at work shoving things with lace and ruffles on them in a big hand-bag that bulged like a Christmas stocking.

"Don't open that door," she said. "No matter who knocks. I'm out, see? And in about five minutes I'll be out on the level. There's no bunch of guys living what can trim me out of my diamonds. It took many an old, good and hard acrobatic song and dance to get them, and anybody that gets them off me will have to rob the dead."

"There's four mandamuses, two injunctions and three habeas corpus out against them now, but I got them yet, and you'll see me wearing them at the swell-est hotel in Long Branch if the rope on the dumb-waiter don't break when I get ready to make my slide for life."

"You see," she remarked, as she rested a minute, "it was this way. I ain't none of your hall-bedroom and cheap-hotel burlesque tarts. I'm a money-maker, I am, and when I get hold of a big bill I choke it to death and keep it. You ain't always young, you know, and some day, when these bleached blondes, who have been good fellows all their lives, are looking for a pension, you'll see me taking it easy, and all the gang will be wondering where it came from. That's the kind of a girl I am."

"Well, about a month ago a manager that I always thought knew his business, comes to me and says:

"I'm going to put on a roof garden show, and I hear you got a swell act."

"You bet," says I.

"Well, nothing's too good for me. Make it a big act, and I'll put you on for two weeks. If it makes a hit, you're it for the season."

"I got the swell-est dancing act in the business," says

where the money was coming from, but I wanted to be a big smoke and make them think I was doing it all myself. There's where I made my fatal error, as they say in 'East Lynne.' I wanted to swell up a bit, and I swelled all right, too. You ought to see the notices I got in the papers. Here is one:

"Miss Tootsie Ragtime, the Titian-haired danseuse and chanteuse, whose act has been the hit of the season at Barnegat, has engaged a large corps of expert electricians to assist her during her coming engagement at the Grape Fruit Roof Gardens."

"Fine, isn't it. When I read things in the papers about me like that it makes me feel like giving away everything I got—except my bank book and my diamonds."

"Well, I put my act on, all right, and you talk about a hit. I never heard so much applause in all my life at any show, and I've been to the best of them I can tell you that. I got three bows, and they were still yelling for me when they put the next act on. The turn that followed me got the benefit of a good reception, you can bet your sweet life on that."

"The show was all right, but the business was rotten. I could see how things was going, and at the end of two weeks that roof looked like an ice cream garden on Christmas."

"Down and out? In a minute I had all my salary coming to me, and the cheap guys that worked the lights looked to me for their money. I talked to them like a lady, but they wouldn't have it that way. You see, they hadn't been long enough in the show business to take a stand-off. They followed me around here to the flat and rang the bell until I disconnected it. Then they pounded on the door. You talk about a bunch of knockers, I had them here all right. I got so nervous



Photo by J. B. Wilson: Chicago

EXPONENTS OF THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

The Misses Powers and Chapin. They are in Vaudeville with a Smart Little Turn.

I, 'but I need four electricians to work the lights. Will you pay them?'

"Certainly," says he, 'fix it up as soon as you can.'

"That was as good as a contract for me, so I went ahead. I blew in \$150 on the act just as if I was buying peanuts at Pawnee Bill's Wild West, and I engaged four men for the lights."

"I know it was a sucker play for me not to tell them

USEFUL TO EVERYBODY.

The making of cosmetics and perfumes is an art which is fully explained in the "Barber's Book of Recipes." 25 cents.

I couldn't sleep. This morning I heard them talking out in the hall, and they're going to a lawyer to get some kind of a paper to make me go to court and give up everything I got, so I'm going to get out."

"When I get this bag packed we're going down on the dumb-waiter together, and I'm going away."

"The janitor is going to watch things for me, and when the knockers' quartette gets so weak that they can't walk, he's going to let me know, and I'm coming back to throw them out."

"I was reading in the Police Gazette the other day," said the Show Lady, who was the real thing, "how a tart changed her hair from blonde to black in

order to connect on a trip to Europe, and I had a good laugh over it, too. I said at the time that I thought she was daffy, but I just got mine, and if I get the damages I'm hoping for I'll go to Europe on my own money and I'll have the time of my life, too."

"I had one of those tangled sunshine effects that cost the money, only mine was on the level. You can



Photo by Milwaukee Art Novelty Co

PEARL RAYMOND.

A Schenectady Belle who Has Made a Great Hit on the Stage.

bet your life no one could ever accuse me of doing the peroxide act, for I had the goods and they were on me the day the nurse told my father I was a girl.

"You see, it was this way. I was looking for an engagement for the season when I butts into an office on Broadway and asked the main guy if there was anything doing with his show."

"I got a nice little part I can give you," says he, 'but no blondes go. Now if you was a brunette I could fix you up.'

"I'll be a brunette if you sign me," says I, for a girl these days has got to take what she can get. 'But why don't you want blondes?'

"Because my wife is a blonde," says he, 'and in view of that she says she must be the only one in the company with hair that color. Savey?'

"That hadn't ought to make any difference," says I. 'If a girl can act that ought to be all you want, wouldn't it?'

"The acting cuts no figure in this. My wife being a blonde, naturally I favor blonde hair. She knows that, and she don't want to take any chances. See?'

"I see," says I, 'and I'll change my hair this time, but I'll never do it again. Do I get the contract?'

"Sure, but don't tell anybody with the show that you was a blonde."

"Leave it to me."

"Well, after I had had my hair turned black I went back to his office and he informed me that the place had been filled. Oh! I was so angry I didn't know what to do. Just think of my turning my hair black for him and then having him break the contract!"

"It was bad enough to have my hair ruined, but there are other things to be considered, too. My hair was a very striking feature, for my eyes are black, and I prided myself on my light hair."

"When I found out his perfidy I consulted my friends, and they advised me to institute a damage suit. Aside from losing my blonde hair I have lost the best man in the world, and my changing the color of my hair has stirred up all kinds of family trouble."

"You see, when George came to New York from Columbus and he found the girl he used to call 'his golden-haired sweetheart' with a black thatch on, he wouldn't stand for it a minute. I tried to tell him how it was, but he wouldn't listen."

"I'll have it bleached light again," said I, 'but don't break the engagement.'

"I don't care what you do. I was willing to stand for a soubrette, but I'll cut out the lightning change artiste," says he, so I'm out an engagement and a husband, and I'm going to get Rosey, the lawyer, to sue this guy for \$25,000. I'll trim George in a breach of promise suit later."

VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Lewis and De'more have signed for next season with the Dainty Paree Burlesquers.

Gus Keller, musical and novelty bag puncher, reports success over the Proctor circuit.

Pearl Fraser and Viola May have signed with the Rose Sydel Company for the coming season.

Udell and Pearce are filling dates on the Gorman circuit, playing their specialty, "Alphonse and Gaston."

Rice Brothers, comedy four act, have signed with Sam Devere's Own Company for the coming season.

Gertie Zola has joined hands with Nina Hartford, and they will hereafter be known as the Hartford Sisters.

A fine supplement of Tommy Leach, the star third baseman of the champion Pittsburg National League team, given free with this issue.

NOTICE TO CLUB MEMBERS.

Have you a good photograph of the club you belong to? Send it to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S Shamrock III. is Here to Race for the Cup. All RECORDS in the Annual, 10c.

CORBETT AND JEFFRIES

—IN FINE TRIM—

READY FOR THE FIGHT

Both Men Are Confident of Winning the Contest That Will Carry With it the Championship Title.

CORBETT DECLARES HE CANNOT POSSIBLY LOSE.

Expert Criticisms on the Coming Battle That Are Worth Reading and Considering—Frank Erne Favors the Ex-Champion.

The championship fight between James J. Jeffries and James J. Corbett will be decided before the Yosemite A. C., of San Francisco, Cal., on Friday, Aug. 14. The men are to meet in a twenty-four-foot ring, under straight Queensberry rules. Fighting in clinches is barred, and the men are to break at the order of the referee, each protecting himself in getting away. Soft bandages will be permitted, but they must be donned after the contestants enter the ring, and be within the meaning of the term to the satisfaction of the referee. The purse offered by the club is \$22,500, but the fighters have the privilege of taking seventy per cent of the receipts, of which seventy-five per cent will go to the winner. Appearance money—\$2,500 each from the fighters and the same amount from the club—is up to cover the losses in case of forfeiture, and the \$7,500 is now in the hands of the referee, Ed Graney.

It was not until a week ago that Jim Jeffries really decided to go into real training. Owing to an ailment, resulting from blood poisoning, with which he has been afflicted for several years, he believed it would be possible to postpone the fight with Jim Corbett a few weeks and this would give him time to harden up and get into condition, but when this subject was broached to the promoters of the affair in San Francisco, they decided that the fight must take place on Aug. 14, and Jeff decided to go to work in grim earnest. At the best he has but fourteen days' work ahead of him. Up to this time there has really been no training worthy of note. What there has been will not compare with Corbett's long, steady pull of more than a year. It is true that Jeffries is in a condition that might be called perfect for any other man. His life in the mountains, his long hunting runs behind the stage and his frequent work on the rowing machine, the weights, the punching-bag and with the skipping rope have limbered him up, kept off all excess tissue and given his skin a healthy, fine glow.

Yet, although strenuous and hardy, his life has not been regular. He has eaten and drank what he pleased, stayed up at night as long as he wished and has risen in the morning with as little unconcern for the breakfast hour as any rounder. Down somewhere in his unfathomable mind—for he has never confided to any one—has been an idea that the fight would be postponed. The chief reason for saying this is the talk of postponement in which he has indulged for the past few days. The truth probably is that he dreads the work incident to a fight until he sees that it is inevitable; then he plunges in with all the vigor of one who never gives up. Such is the present stage of the champion's training. The change came the other morning. For three days previous Jeffries talked of postponement. His excuse was his leg, but the doctor in attendance declared it to be a simple thing to heal if Jeff would only follow instructions. Now Jeff is doing enough work for three men.

In connection with this expected postponement, Big Bill Naughton, the celebrated athletic authority, has stated that Jeff expected, in the event of his inability to get into first-class shape for the fight on the date specified, that Bob Fitzsimmons was to have been sent to the ring against Corbett as the champion's substitute. Billy Delaney, Jeff's trainer, is Naughton's authority for the statement that the thing had been talked over and arranged to the satisfaction of the Jeffries party.

Fitzsimmons had stated his willingness to take Jeffries' place in the ring with Corbett, and it simply remained for the Yosemite Club and Corbett to accept the inevitable. Otherwise there would have been no heavyweight contest on the August date.

By a strange coincidence Corbett, shortly after his arrival in San Francisco, told a few of his friends that he had heard of a scheme by which Fitzsimmons was to become a sub for Jeffries at the eleventh hour.

When I asked Corbett what he intended to do if Fitzsimmons was sprung on him in lieu of Jim Jeffries he said there would be time to deal with a question of that kind when it came up.

"For the present I am after Jeffries and the championship of the world," said Corbett.

Corbett has still the same answer for the question, but at the same time if there is ever a serious proposal from the Jeffries camp to substitute Fitzsimmons for Jeff nothing will persuade Corbett that it isn't in conformity with the original plot of which he was warned.

However, matters have shaped themselves so that Jeff in all likelihood will be able to do all his own fighting on Aug. 14. In addition to telling of what Jeffries and company had up their sleeves in the event of accident, Delaney sends word that the champion is on his feet again and whaling away at the punching bag.

His leg was examined by the doctor at Harbin Springs the other day and it had healed to such an extent that Jeff was allowed to resume his work of training. He put in over an hour in his gymnasium in the morning and in the afternoon boxed with Jack Jeffries and Joe Kennedy.

Says Delaney: "The danger point is past and as far as we can judge there is no reason to think that Jeffries will not be able to keep his engagement with Corbett.

We have sent word to the Yosemite Club to go right ahead with its arrangements. The big fellow will jump right into his work and I guess there will be no further let up."

According to returning visitors from Harbin Springs, matters looked very serious for Jeffries for a few days. Said one gentleman who has had considerable experience in mountain life: "I told Jeff at the time that he ought to be careful and nurse the wound."

"To this Jeff replied. 'Oh, I guess the hot steam of the sulphur baths will cleanse it thoroughly.'

Anyhow, the news from Jeff's training quarters is of a cheering character. The managers of the Yosemite Club will be on tenterhooks for a few days with the fear that the champion may suffer a relapse. But the feeling generally is that the scare is over and that the Jeffries-Corbett fight will take place as per schedule.

Over in Corbett's camp everything bespeaks confidence in Jim's ability to defeat Jeffries and regain the title of heavyweight champion. Corbett himself inspires this feeling, for he has persuaded himself that

and is a point in his favor greater than his vast strength or his ability to recover after punishment. I will be thirty-seven years of age when we fight and he will be twenty-nine, and in the days of Rodney Stone, the old English fighter, there was an old adage heard always at the ringside, 'Youth will be served.'

"In those days it meant more than it does now, because fighting men spent their time between battles then in riotous living. None of that sort of thing has come into my life since I began to fit myself for my other fight with Jeffries, and every move I make on the night that we meet in battle will prove that I am agile and strong as I was when as a youth I beat John L. Sullivan for the championship."

Whether Corbett will be able to avoid Jeffries' terrific swings in their coming battle is a question. Jeffries has become much faster in speed in the last two years. In fact, he has shown considerable aggressiveness in his last two battles, and from all accounts it is his intention to rush Corbett from the start. Jeffries is quoted as saying that Corbett cannot hurt him with a punch. If the champion really believes that Corbett lacks the strength to put him out then there is more reason why Jeffries should force the fighting, as he would be willing to take a punch in an effort to land a good one. As for cleverness, Corbett can play all around the champion, and without the punch his only chance will be to win on points. Corbett no doubt would be just as well pleased to have the bout go the limit, as he believes that he would gain the decision on points. Jeffries, on the other hand, is aware of this fact, and it will be to his advantage to end the battle as soon as possible to make a sure thing of it.

Fitzsimmons has fought both men and his opinion must be worth consideration. He says:

"The champion will have no trouble in disposing of Corbett. I have fought both men and know the strong and weak points of each thoroughly. In my opinion Jeffries is the greatest fighter in the world, and I expect to see him score a knockout victory over Corbett inside of seven rounds. Corbett is a clever sparrer, but his blows have no force. On the other hand, Jeffries can hit a tremendous blow, and, as he is sure to score often on the former champion, there is no doubt that his blows will gradually knock Corbett into a state of helplessness."

The betting is the best indication of public opinion, and it is openly asserted that an effort will be made to effect a betting coup on Corbett to win. In view of the fact that Corbett is considered a "has been" by a majority of persons interested in fights, and that Jeffries is quoted as good as 3 to 1 in the betting, that Cor-

bett at the start with a punch, but, mark my word, he will wear the big fellow down until he has him exactly where he had John L. in New Orleans.

"Jeffries won't lay a glove on Corbett, and before twenty rounds have been fought he will weaken under the constant jabbing and jolting of Corbett, and then Corbett may land the telling blow.

"It is my honest opinion, however, that the fight will go the limit, and that Corbett will get the decision. If he stayed there twenty-three rounds before with Jeffries he will win, and win easily, this time."

Full details of the

CORBETT-JEFFRIES FIGHT

will be the feature of next week's POLICE GAZETTE. A special illustrated supplement will be issued in which the contest for the world's championship will be thoroughly reviewed.

FREDERICKS STILL WINNING.

"Kid" Fredericks, the clever featherweight, who has met and defeated several of the good men of the West, added another victory to his credit on July 31, when he knocked out Jack McFarland at Lewistown, Mont., in fourteen rounds.

NO BRITT-O'KEEFE FIGHT.

Jimmy Britt refused to meet Jack O'Keefe at San Francisco, on July 31, as the Chicago boxer was about eight pounds over weight. The men signed to box at 133 pounds, and rather than risk his reputation and the money of his admirers, the Californian declared the bout off.

CROWD YELLED "FAKE!"

Jack McDonough, of Miles City, knocked out Jack Curran, of Great Falls, in the second round of their fight at Helena, Mont., recently. The job was done so easily that the crowd yelled for the return of their money. Jerry McCarthy, of Walkerville, challenged the winner.

PARR THREW GALLOWAY.

Jim Parr, the English wrestler, won his handicap wrestling match from W. O. Galloway, the heavyweight champion of Toronto, Canada, at Dunkirk, N. Y., on August 1, in 13 minutes. Parr agreed to throw Galloway three times inside of an hour or forfeit \$250. He secured the first fall by a leg and half-Nelson hold in 5½ minutes, the second by a half-Nelson in 5¼ minutes and the final fall by a hammer lock in one minute.

A large crowd witnessed the bout. Galloway protested that he was not down in the last fall, but the referee refused to change his decision. Considerable money changed hands on the result of the contest.

JOHNSON A GOOD ONE.

Sandy Ferguson, the Boston heavyweight, stayed six rounds with Jack Johnson, the clever colored heavyweight, at the Penn Art Club, Philadelphia, on July 31. If Johnson had turned himself loose for a continuous performance there was every reason for believing that there would have been nothing to the bout, for every time he did extend himself he had the Bostonian visibly worried.

In palliation of Ferguson's poor showing, it was announced that in punching the bag he had cut a small blood vessel and that six stitches had to be inserted to enable him to go on with this affair. Granting all that he gave no evidence of his ability to cope successfully with a boxer of Johnson's undoubted ability.

Ferguson showed a disposition to clinch all through the bout, particularly in the last three rounds. In the fifth round Johnson let himself out and handed in hard drives with both hands on Ferguson's body. In a clinch at the bell-sound Johnson lost his balance and went to the floor. He evidently wanted to sit down and got up laughing. Johnson, despite his evident consideration for Ferguson, had the latter very tired in the sixth.

NEW SWIMMING RECORDS.

A new American record for 100 yards and the unearthing of a very fast novice were the features which marked the third outdoor series of swimming contests held by the New York A. C., at Travers Island, on Aug. 1. Charles Ruberl, of the New York A. C., the American indoor champion swimmer, won two of the four events, the 300 and 100 yards scratch contests, and, after taking first honors at the longer distance, Ruberl added to his laurels by lowering the records for 100 yards straightaway two-fifths of a second. The former record of 1:05 3-5 was held by E. C. Shaeffer, of Reading, Pa., and Ruberl's new figures for the distance are 1:05 1-5.

David Gaul, of the National Swimming Association, of Philadelphia, a seventeen-year-old lad, astonished everyone by his wonderfully quick work in the 100-yard swim for novices. In his trial heat the newcomer won handsily in 1:08 3-5, which not very long ago would have been considered fast for champion swimmers. Gaul did not extend himself in the final heat of this event, which he won without any difficulty.

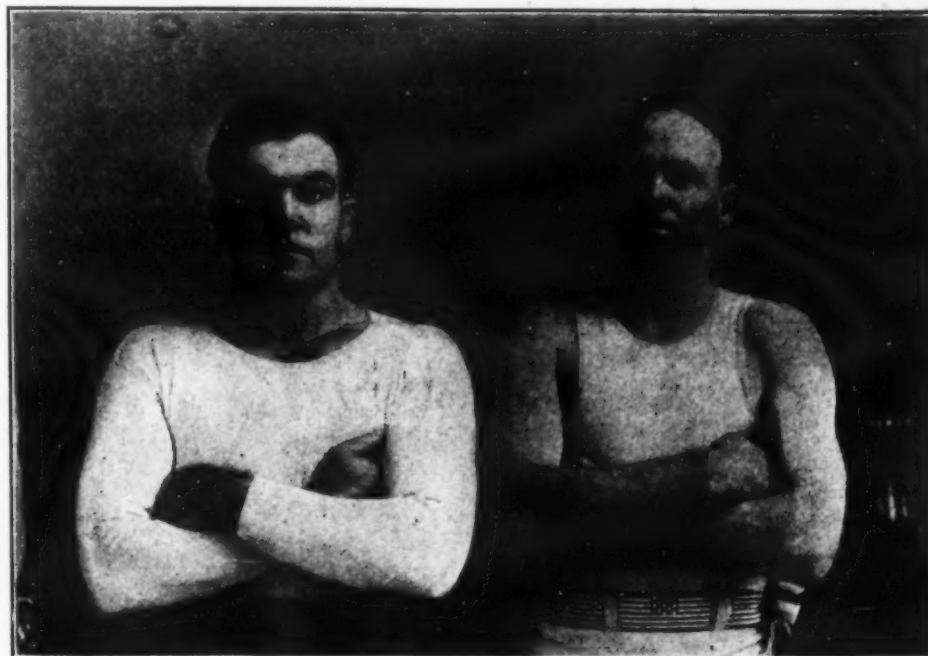
The best race of the four on the program was the half-mile handicap, in which E. H. Adams was the virtual scratch man. Raymond Mulvey, of the Pawnee A. C., to whom Adams was conceding fifty seconds, beat the latter for first honors by five yards, and Adams, after a grand spurt, finished a scant yard ahead of H. B. Warren, to whom Adams was giving ninety seconds.

BICYCLE RECORD BROKEN.

The world's paced cycling record for one hour, either in competition or against time, was lowered by Bennie Munroe at Charles River Park, Boston, Mass., on Aug. 1. During the hour Munroe rode 49 miles and 210 yards, which is 624 yards better than De Guichard, the Frenchman, rode a few days previous.

USEFUL TO ATHLETES.

If you are interested in training read Billy Muldoon's ideas in the Police Gazette book on "Boxing and How to Train," 25 cents.



Copyright by Bushnell: San Francisco.

JEFFRIES AND FITZSIMMONS.

The Heavyweight Champion of the World and the Man from whom He Won the Title and who is now Jeff's Sparring Partner. Their Best Pose.

he is in better condition, stronger and more scientific than he ever was before in his fighting career. His own reasons for believing he will win are as follows:

"I figure that my chance of besting Jeffries is stronger than his chance of putting me away, because I don't believe in twenty-five rounds Jeffries can land on me a knockout blow. I know what Jeffries can do. I know his limits. I know his strength and I know his weaknesses. I know my own, and for three years I have studied to overcome just those weaknesses which made me fall before him in our last fight. In the first place, we don't have to bother about his being champion of the world. After all he is only a man, and a punch on the chin or a good strong rap on the solar plexus will do for him as surely and as quickly as it would do for any other man, champion or not.

"It is not necessary to beat a man up brutally to win in these days as it was in the time of the old London prize ring. What is to keep me from landing the right kind of a punch on one of Jeffries' vital points? I will land on his vital points a dozen times in the first six rounds, but they may not be the right kind of punches. But before the end of the fight I'll send one in that will put him away.

"My position before this fight is better than it was before the last one, in which I stayed twenty-three rounds. I have been boxing since I was a boy. Jeffries did not begin until he was a grown man. I have studied the boxing game as a lawyer studies the statutes and as a merchant studies his business, and have invented improvements in it and used them to my advantage. Jeffries is a big, strong husky fellow who has been told how to fight and had fighting qualities drilled into him until he has made himself champion; but with my knowledge of ring tactics I am a better man than he.

"The fact that Jeffries is eight years younger than I

~~~~~  
THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE SEA.  
Sir Thomas Lipton is here with the Shamrock III. to race for the yachting supremacy of the world. All the records for America's Cup are in the Sporting Annual. 10 cents.

bett is to be made the medium of the plunge is considerably astonishing.

It is precisely these odds that will bring about the plunge. Harry Corbett is the reputed head of the delegation which is laying by shovels and biding the time when there shall be plenty of Jeffries money at long odds.

Harry Corbett says nothing of his intentions, but a bookmaker who is near to him states that the former champion's brother is more than impressed with Jim's chances and thinks him nearer an even money shot than a 2 to 1 contender.

It is certain that when Corbett and Jeffries go into the ring the former champion will carry a great deal more money than a beaten champion ever carried before.

Fight followers have confidence that Eddie Graney will give a decision on the merits of the battle solely. It has been stated that no referee would take away the championship from Jeffries on points but would call the affair a draw and save the title. Out there where Graney is known his friends say he will consider the men as two fighters only, and no championship consideration will influence his decision. This being the case the Corbett faction are confident of winning from Jeffries.

## FRANK ERNE PICKS CORBETT.

Frank Erne, ex-lightweight champion, picks Jim Corbett to defeat champion Jeffries when they battle for the world's championship. Erne says Corbett will win decisively, too.

"Who do I think will win—Jeff or Corbett?" said Erne in answer to the question. "Corbett will win from Jeffries this time, as sure as you are alive. Look here," he continued. "Jim Corbett isn't going to be beaten this time, if it takes his life, and I look for him to win the decision at the end of the bout to beat Jeffries before twenty rounds.

"Corbett is cleverest of them all. He is in perfect condition. This I know. When he was in Buffalo last winter I boxed six rounds with him.

"I look at it in this light: Corbett will be too fast and quick for Jeffries. He won't knock the big fellow out





*Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.*

**KATHLEEN BARRY.**

WHEN IT COMES TO TIGHTS SHE IS, IN POPULAR PARLANCE,  
RIGHT THERE WITH THE GOODS.



*Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.*

**MISS O. CARMERON.**

SHE IS VERY JOLLY WHEN SHE LAUGHS, AND ONE OF THE  
CLEVEREST BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.



*Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.*

**THE CURTIS SISTERS.**

A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY PAIR WHO CAN AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN  
THEIR AUDIENCES CHARMINGLY.



*Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.*

**BERTHA FIELDS.**

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST OF THE MANY PRETTY GIRLS  
NOW ADORNING THE BURLESQUE.





Photo by Edsall: New York.

E. H. ANDERSON, DAUNTLESS R. C.



Photo by Hargrave: New York.

R. A. M. HOBBS, METROPOLITAN B. C.



D. M. DALEY, DAUNTLESS R. C.

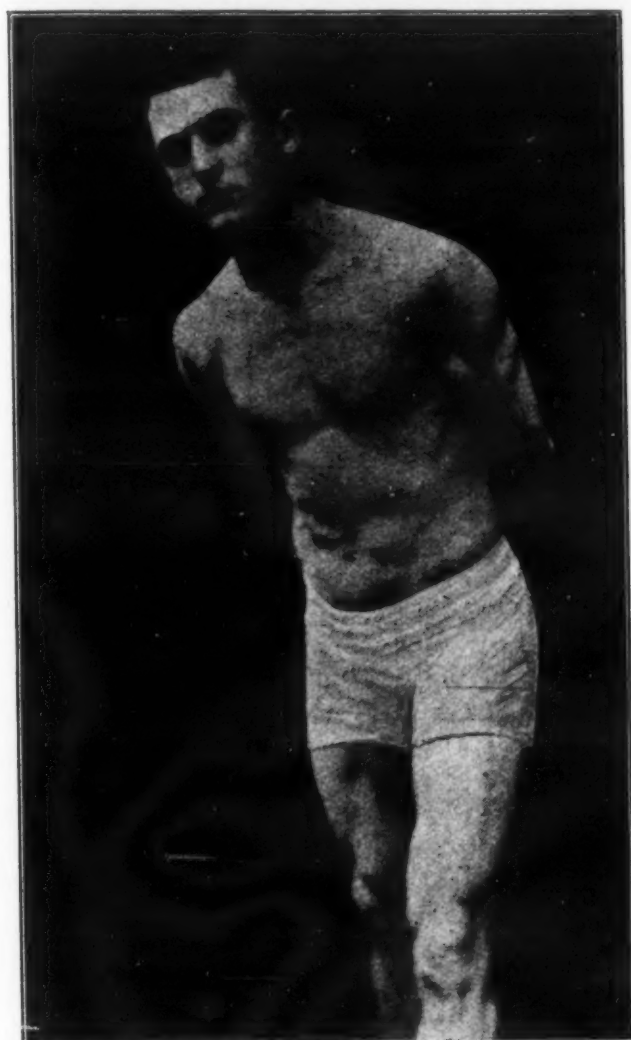


Photo by Rockwood: New York.

J. J. MULCAHY, ATLANTA B. C.



Photo by Frank: New York.

J. PILKINGTON; J. E. NAGLE—HARLEM R. C.



Photo by Macnabb: New York.

J. O. REGAN, METROPOLITAN R. C.

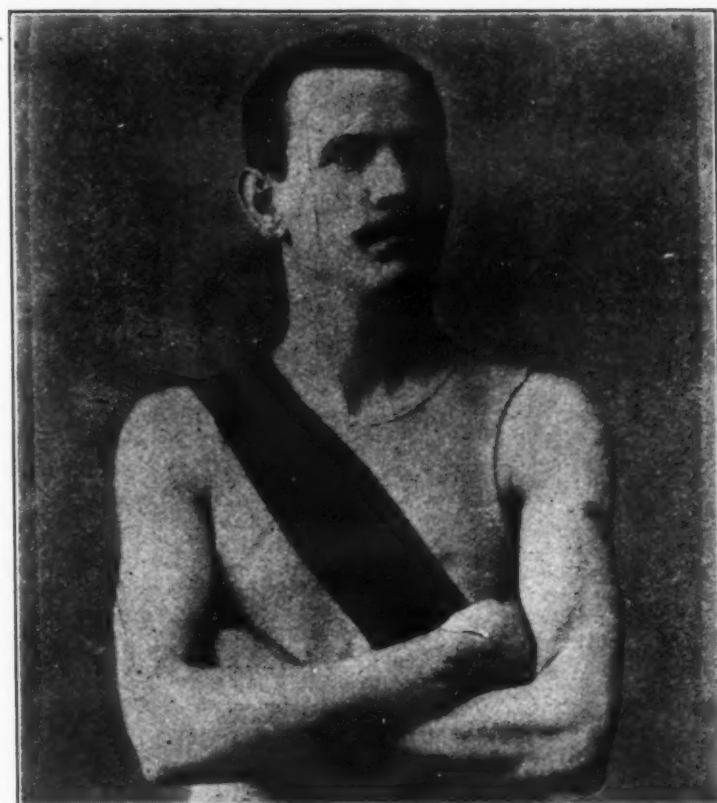


Photo by Klapper: New York.

FRANK FOLK, BOHEMIAN B. C.



Photo by Bachrach: Baltimore.

F. P. KAFKA, ATLANTA B. C.



Photo by Zaklasnik: New York.

FRANK VESELY, BOHEMIAN B. C.

ALL ARE NOTED OARSMEN.

FAMOUS AMERICAN AMATEURS WHO WILL BE AT WORCESTER, MASS., AUG. 14, TO WITNESS THE RACE FOR THE RICHARD K. FOX \$2,500 SILVER CUP.



## SOME FREAK BETTING

—TOLD BY A BOOKMAKER—

## AT THE RACE TRACKS

A Case of Luck and Long Shots That Sometimes Bring Home the Money to Adventurous Bettors.

## SPORTING BRAINS THAT EVOLVE QUEER PROPOSITIONS

One Man Wanted to Wager That One of the Mounts in a Steeplechase Would Fall Down But He Wasn't Taken.

"These freak bettors make me sick," remarked a bookmaker the other day, "and there are more of them this year than ever before. I got stung by one of them the other day for a thousand. He had on what looked to me like a two-day leftover, and tacked up to my stool just as I was making ready to go out to the lawn to look at the next race, for the horses were at the post.

"Say," he said to me, "I'll lay you twenty the short-odds horse finishes last," and he poked the bill at me.

"Why, that'll just pay my manicuring bill," said I, and I took the twenty.

"Nothing could have looked much better than that did, for the short-odds horse was about an equal shot in a small field of horses, with the rank outsider at long odds.

"You ought to be a Pink, Jack," I said to him. "You must know something about the gee-gees in this race." "Nope," said the man with the leftover. "I don't know one of 'em from the other. But I just want to prove to my own satisfaction that you block-squatters are up on a kite when you think you know how to lay prices against such fool propositions as horse races. I've got a theory that only Omnipotence knows in advance what horse is going to beat another horse. What are you laying me that the favorite doesn't finish last?"

"How about 50 to 1?" I asked him—it figured a good deal longer than that, but my book was rounded up and I didn't feel like offering him a higher quotation unless he bucked for it.

"Thousand to 20—safe a bet as any of 'em," the man said, and my sheet-writer recorded the bet down in one corner of the page.

"The short odds did finish a punk last and the freak bet killed whatever profit I had made on the race. The man with the left-over didn't have any line on the horses, and there wasn't anything especial the matter with old short shot, except that he just didn't feel like running fast that afternoon.

"The freak bettor's theory looked as sound to him as a bookmaker's chisel after that race, and he came at me again.

"Now," he said to me before the fourth race, "I'll lay

to go out of business on hooked it up with the favorite at the top of the stretch, and then it was just nod and nod between them right down to the wire. The favorite just did stick his tongue out and won on the post, but I didn't take a long breath until the favorite's number was hung out.

"I had another one of these run-last bets at Harlem. A disgusted owner who was selling out his stable of dogs had one of them in a race, and at post time he ambled up to my stool and said to me:

"Bet you fifty my crab runs a rotten last."

"That's a good safe end of it you're taking," I said to him, "but, being as how I'm a gay dog of a gambler, I'll lay you a hundred to your fifty that your mutt beats at least one other Shetland in the sprint."

"It looked good enough to me that way, too. His horse was the rank outsider in the betting, but they don't always run to chalk—maybe you've heard that said somewhere before; no?—and I figured it a decent enough thing that the skate would trot in ahead of at least one of the other horses, for they were all a cavalry lot of maidens.

"This freak bet wound up in a grouch. The owner's dog did finish last of all the horses that actually ran, but there was one of them left at the post. The owner, of course, declared that he had beaten me out, but I couldn't see it, since the horse that was left at the post was actually the last of the mutts to finish.

"But," the owner of the plug stormed when I offered to turn the kick over to the ring arbitrator, "my bet was that my horse would run last. He did run last. The one that was left at the post didn't run at all—he only jogged back to the stand after being left."

"But the one that was left was in the starter's hands, and that lets me out," I told him. "It's the same for you as if you'd been betting on the favorite and the favorite had been left at the post."

"The head of the ring's kick bureau decided that I had the correct end of it, and the owner of the plug has been going around ever since telling people that I'm a shine and a tintag piker.

"I had another one of these freak bets with a chaw for an aftermath. A man with a small stable of bush skates had a terrapin in a field of three-year-old maidens, thirteen of them, and he made his little speech to me just before the plugs lined up at the barrier.

"I don't think my horse can win," said he to me, "but I'll bet you \$200 to \$1,000 that he'll beat more horses than I'll beat him."

"You're aboard," said I. "His horse was pretty bad, and I had a clairvoyant's picture of him doing his great tail-ender stunt. But the mutt didn't wind up in the rack. He finished seventh in the field of thirteen. That made it six horses in front of him and six behind him, and I won the bet.

"You're easy—where's the dough?" said the owner of the horse after the race.

"Think it over—your horse finished seventh," I told him.

"Look a-here," he said to me, "my bet with you was that my horse would beat as many horses as beat him, wasn't it?" and then I saw that he was one of those race track grammarians.

"Not any, it wasn't," said I. "You bet your horse would beat more horses than would beat him, and there were just six in front and six behind him; so you belong to the You Lose

Association." He put up a fricasseed beef over it, but plenty of witnesses who had been standing by testified that he had said "more horses" instead of "as many."

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WHAT DOG OWNERS WANT.

Everybody who owns a dog of any kind will be interested in the Police Gazette book on the subject. 25 cents.

horses," as he said, and ever since then this man has been spilling around telling folks that I spent my nights cooking long-draw hop pills and beating my wife.

"Another one of the funny bettors made me a proposition one afternoon.

"What'll you lay me that one falls down?" he asked me, placing his finger on the name of one of the commonest, orneryest, most no-account steeplechasers in training, a plug that can't jump over Noah's arks with any kind of weight up.

"Nothing," I replied. "But you can have 20 to 1 that he doesn't finish."

"That's me," said the kinky bettor, handing over a fifty, and the bet went down in a corner of the sheet a thousand to fifty that the dog he named wouldn't finish.

"Well, his horse did some broncho work at the very first jump, tossed his rider underneath the hedge, and then, relieved of the burden on his back, went on with the field, taking the jumps with them all the way around, and finishing near the leaders. I wasted just four minutes in trying to tell him that a horse that doesn't cross the line with his jockey up isn't considered as finishing.

"But I didn't say nothin' about no jockey finishin'," he replied, sulky-like. "I bet you that the horse 'ud finish, and there wasn't no agreement about where the jockey 'ud finish—you gimme my \$1,050, or I'll see the detectives about you—they're fren's o' mine and they ain't a-goin' to see me done."

"I had a funny experience in the spring with a sausage maker who made a \$100 bet with me on the 2 to 1 in a two-year-old race. The favorite won handily by a length, but the stewards disqualified the colt for flagrantly fouling a number of contending horses in the stretch. But the bologna manufacturer was the first man in my pay-off line even after the announcement of the disqualification, all the same.

"Tree hunter already," he said to my pay-off man, showing the number of his badge and delightfully mopping his forehead.

"What horse?" asked the cashier.

"De favorite," said the maker of frankfurters.

"This is where you're in bad, Hans," I said to him from my stool. "The favorite's been disqualified."

"But how could dot be?" the sausage maker asked, the dew of misery beginning to pop out of his forehead. "Eggsblatation me. How could he be last when he vere in de front ven de rope vas reached, hein?"

"I was tempted to hand him that one from the book about the first being last and the last being first, but I felt that that might be too deep for him.

"Your horse finished in front, all right," I said to him, "but the race has been taken away from him because the jockey on him did a lot of rough riding and fouled three or four other horses in the race."

"Vat difference does dot maig to me?" the sausage maker inquired, beginning to get het up. "I ain'd no joggey—I didn't ride de horse—I maig no rough-ridings alretty—vot for do I get disqualified out of my t'ree hunter tollar ven I ain'd no rough-rider unt my horse vin—tell me dot."

"Well, that was too long a story, and I let my cashier do the rest of the explanation to him. The sausage manufacturer hung around the pay-off line for the remainder of the afternoon, weeping large globules of liquid salt on the pay-off man's satchel."

A SPECIAL FEATURE.

If you want to read the best account of the Corbett-Jeffries fight in San Francisco, for the heavyweight championship of the world, see next week's POLICE GAZETTE. A special illustrated supplement will have it all.

WOODS-MILLET AT HONOLULU.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Honolulu states that a large audience witnessed the battle between Joe Millet, of San Francisco, and Billy Woods, at the Orpheum Theatre, on July 11, a short story of which appeared in a previous issue of this paper. The men battled for a purse of \$1,200, Millet being declared the winner in the fifth round.

Woods stood up gamely and, until the close of the third round, made it appear that there would be a long and evenly matched mill. After the third it was, however, very one-sided. Woods was outclassed and out-fought by his younger opponent. In the fourth Millet went into the fray hot and heavy, and soon landed his man. Near the end of the round Millet had him groggy with right and left swings on the jaw, sending him to the floor for the count. Woods, in a helpless state, clung to the ropes to keep from falling, while his opponent kept landing blows on him, but was, however, unable to land a knockout. Woods staggered out of his corner and clinched until the sound of the gong, the only thing that saved him from a knockout. The fifth was entirely Millet's, Woods being all in very early in the round. Millet hammered him and landed at will, covering Woods' body with blood. Woods deserves much credit for his gameness and taking some severe punishment. But he had no chance against Millet.

Millet is twenty-three years old and weighs 170 pounds. He won the amateur championship of the Olympic Club, of San Francisco. Was brought to Honolulu by J. C. Cohen, proprietor of the Orpheum Theatre of that city, and the leading sporting manager of the islands. He leaves for San Francisco with Mr. Cohen, who will manage him and stands ready to back him against any of the light heavyweights in the country.

The big event was preceded by three preliminaries, one of which, a six-round contest, between "Soldier" Latham and Bill Hulihul, was the prettiest from a clean and scientific standpoint; it was declared a draw. A. Apana and Ah Sam, two Chinese, had a four-round contest, which looked more like a wrestling match than a glove contest. The shoulder work of Ah Sam was a new one on the crowd present. This fight was also pronounced a draw.

The funniest and quickest bout of the evening was the contest between Tom Mattox and Sylvia Madeira. "The Punchbowl Wonder," which was announced as a six-round bout. Madeira, who is built like a Sandow, put it all over big, lean and lanky Tom Mattox in one round and a half.

SPARKS FROM THE DIAMOND

Timely Tattle Anent the Doings of the Exponents of Baseball.

The Philadelphia Nationals landed a "find" in young Titus, a crack outfielder.

The worst criticism of the umpires comes from the fans who take in a game once a month, and



Photo by Vander Weyde: New York.

SHORTSTOP HULSWITT.

Philadelphia's Husky Player and One of the Best in the National League.

who think they are not getting their money's worth unless they do some barking.

"Ducky" Holmes is playing fine ball for the Chicago White Sox.

John Ganzel is hitting much better than he did earlier in the season.

It is reported that Ned Hanlon would like to trade Strang for some good player.

When looking over the outfielders, Harry Bay, of the Cleveland team, appears to be in the front rank.

President Ban Johnson says the salary list of the Boston Americans is close to the largest in the country, over \$60,000.

W. R. Armour, of the Cleveland, has been skirmishing through New England looking for embryonic Lajoies and Flicks.

Pitcher Eddie Doheny, of the Pittsburgh team, deserted the club in Cincinnati. He has been acting strangely for some time.

Weimer, the Chicago left-hander secured from Kansas City, has made good in fast company, having won 14 and lost 5 games.

Harry Wolverton leads the third basemen in the National League, Bill Dahlen the shortstops and Jack Doyle the first basemen.

You can't judge ball players by their names. Herman Long is a short and stocky fellow, and Billy Lush is not a drinking man.

Jack Doyle, of Brooklyn, and Jake Beckley, of Cincinnati, are fighting it out for the leadership of the old league first basemen.

President Johnson says the attendance at the games in Boston this season has shown a gain of 23 per cent. Boston can appreciate good ball.

Pitcher Frank Donovan of the St. Louis Americans was fined \$100 by McAleer for drinking a glass of beer when the Browns were losing steadily.

In a recent game between Brooklyn and Philadelphia, Jimmy Sheekard was credited with four stolen bases. No wonder he leads the League in pilfered sacks.

Dahlen, Doyle, Garvin and Sheekard are about all there is to the Brooklyn club this season. Doyle is working hard and proving a fine lieutenant for Ned Hanlon.

Theodore Britenstein, the old league pitcher, now with Memphis, has been suspended by President Kavanaugh of the Southern League for assault on Umpire Sorber.

They say that Jack Sheridan has an arm and shoulder development that beats Jeffries a block. He has a fist of iron and his umpiring face settles nearly every argument without words.

A number of National and American League clubs are trying to land McIntyre, the crack Buffalo outfielder. Brooklyn, Chicago and New York have made offers for McIntyre, but Stallings, the Bison manager, declines to sell him.

THE BEST EVER PUBLISHED.

Champion George Bothner's new book on wrestling, FREE. Send \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks and get it as a premium.



Photo by Galli: New York.

THREE PROMINENT SPORTING MEN.

John Boggiano, G. B. Cella and L. De Rosalin, all of New York, and Members of Several of the Italian Organizations.

you the thousand that the bum outsider wins this race." "The outsider was a long shot on my slate, but I wanted that thousand back, and I took the bet, one of the biggest that were ever registered on my sheet, \$30,000 to \$1,000.

"I figured that no funny bettor could get in right twice in a row, but, all the same, my heart was beating a hard-pedal devil's tattoo against my ribs at the finish of that race. The long shot that I stood pretty nearly

Association." He put up a fricasseed beef over it, but plenty of witnesses who had been standing by testified that he had said "more horses" instead of "as many."

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## WHAT DOG OWNERS WANT.

Everybody who owns a dog of any kind will be interested in the Police Gazette book on the subject. 25 cents.

The America's Cup Yacht Records are in the POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL, Price 10 cents



# FOLLOW ATTILA'S LESSONS IN THE POLICE GAZETTE AND BE A STRONG MAN

Here Are Some More Lessons in the Grand Art of  
Making and Developing Your Muscles.

EVERY YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO BE AN ATHLETE.

If You Are at all Interested You Don't Want to Miss Even One of  
the Issues of This Great Series.

By PROF. ATTILA.—Series No. 32.

I want to tell my pupils that, no matter how far they become advanced in physical culture, they ought not under any circumstances neglect the five-pound dumb-bell exercises.

They are the foundation of all muscle-making methods, and there are times when I use them myself. They keep a man in shape.

Here is another letter which is worth reading, and I commend it to you.

ALLEGHENY, Pa., July 21, 1903.

DEAR SIR: I am a drug clerk and am 24 years old. I have a chest measurement (normal) of 30 inches, and waist of 28 inches. I am 5 feet 9 inches tall. I want to increase my chest measurement and my weight. I only weigh 128 pounds now and I think you can instruct me how to increase both weight and chest. I took a physical culture instructor's physical culture course and it did me no good at all. I have taken your lessons ever since they started and have increased my strength wonderfully, but don't seem to make my weight heavier. At present I am using 25-pound dumb-bells. I sometimes think that I have too much muscle for my weight, and the consequence is that no surplus

at the five-pound dumb-bells for some time to come, and he will find in them all the exercise he needs. He is deficient in chest measurement, consequently I would suggest that he devote most of his attention to the chest movements, of which there are several.

As his development increases he will gain in weight, unless, of course, he is afflicted with some chronic trouble, such as dyspepsia or catarrh.

My system has never yet been known to fail, and if he works consistently he will soon notice a great change.

Note what this man writes:

I have taken your lessons from the first. I find they have done me more good than a drug store. I am a barber by trade and they were just what I needed. I have a fifty-pound bell and two thirties which I don't need. I will sell them for three cents a pound.

Yours truly, J. A. STAFFORD,  
843 West Fifty-ninth Street, Chicago.

## EXERCISE NO. 38.

This is the finish of the English swing and shows the positions of the body and bell when the movement has been completed. The bell is swung upward by one vigorous movement without hesitation.

Next week I shall begin a series illustrating the slow press upward with one large bell.

Champion George Bothner's book on wrestling has had a most remarkable sale and the first edition is almost exhausted. If you want one you had better order at once. You can have one free if you send \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks.

## SIDNEY AND GRIFFO DRAW.

In the feature bout at the Roxbury A. A., Boston, recently, Young Sidney and "Kid" Griffo boxed twelve of the fastest rounds seen in that city for some time. The bout was a draw. From the moment the bell rang for the first round the men mixed it up in the liveliest fashion, and kept the spectators on edge all through the contest. Before they were called from their corners, Referee Lewis explained that they had agreed to break clean, but he was kept busy breaking their clinches. Griffo was the principal offender in this respect. During the seventh, eighth and ninth rounds, Sidney's body punches made Griffo weary, but the latter's generalship carried him out of danger. In the tenth, Griffo landed a heavy swing on Sidney's jaw, sending him to the ropes, but the colored boy came back strong, and in the last two rounds more than held his own.

In the preliminaries, Young Wagner stopped Eddie West in two rounds. "Kid" McCluskey and Young Pantz went six rounds to a draw, and Danny Murray and Eddie Menley went six fast rounds to a draw.

## LOVE AND MUNROE FIGHT.

Tommy Love and George Munroe boxed six fast rounds at the Southern A. C., Philadelphia, July 28, with the honors in favor of Love. The contest was a very pretty one, as both lads are very clever, but neither of them did any damage. Love in the first two rounds seemed to have very poor judgment of distance, and at times he was so very far away from Munroe when he would lead that he would almost fall on his face in delivering the blow. Just before the end of the first round Love punched Munroe on the jaw and made George's head rock. In the second round Love sent Munroe to the floor on one knee twice, and near the end of the round Tommy got in a fierce uppercut to George's ribs. In the next two rounds Love did all the leading, Munroe clinching at every available opportunity. Just before the bell rang in the fourth Tommy dropped George to one knee with a punch on the side of the head. Munroe's best work was done in the sixth round. He tried to make a grand stand finish and got in a couple of good blows to Tommy's ribs and head, but they did no serious damage and Love was still doing the best work when the bell rang.

The best contest of the night was the semi-windup, in which Bob Long, of Chicago, gave Bill Larry a good

## WHAT WRESTLERS WANT.

George Bothner, conceded to be the most scientific wrestler in the world, has written a book on the game for the POLICE GAZETTE. Price, 25 cents.

beating. In the first round Larry landed a hard swing on Long's jaw and dropped him like a log. It was not hard enough to finish the Chicago boxer, however, and Long came back strong after the minute's rest. From that time out he had all the best of Larry, who was on the floor nearly two minutes in each of the three rounds, falling many times without a blow. Larry was down on every soft spot in the ring, and when he



KID MARTIN.

The 80-pound Boy Wrestler of Brooklyn, N. Y.

could not find a nice place on the mat he made a hammock out of the ropes, and took little naps on them while the referee would count nine. Referee Crowhurst did more counting for Larry in the last three rounds than some bookkeepers do in a day.

Young Allen quit in the third round with Eddie Haney. The rest of the preliminaries were good.

## FINISH FIGHT IN BUFFALO.

In a clubhouse in Trenton avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., the other night, Cy Flynn, the Nineteenth Ward lightweight boxer, knocked out "Kid" Ferns in the third round of what was scheduled to be a twenty-round bout in private. The tickets were \$1 each and about 300 were disposed of.

Those who were in on the plans quietly met and a well-known follower of the Fort Erie races was selected as referee. It took but three rounds for the Nineteenth Ward boy to beat the ex-amateur, and he soon had him in Queer street. The finish came as stated before in the third round. A right smash to the jaw did the business. This is the first contest of its kind held in or about Buffalo in many years.

## CORBETT PUTS O'NEILL AWAY.

A left to the body, a short right to the jaw, and Champion Young Corbett settled the aspirations of Jack O'Neill in the early part of the fifth round of the windup at the National A. C., Philadelphia, July 29. It was the opinion of the wise people who follow the boxers' merry game that O'Neill would be able to give Corbett a warmer argument than any of the boys the champion has met in Quaker town. But O'Neill seemed to forget all he ever knew about the boxing business, and was completely overawed.

The aggressiveness which has characterized all his previous bouts was conspicuously absent. He covered himself when Corbett was not within six feet of him. He was always leary of the champion. His long suit is the mixes, but he had no stomach for mixing things.

Corbett went around him like a mechanic. It did not take him long to discover that O'Neill was there to stay six rounds. At the same time he did not take any rash chances. He had heard much of O'Neill's punch, and thought that O'Neill himself might be doing something in the stalling line.

There never was a stage of the game when Corbett was not the aggressor, but at that he never laid himself open unnecessarily. O'Neill seemed to get some confidence as the bout progressed, and that proved his undoing after about forty-five seconds of boxing in the fifth round. The start of the round was practically the same as that of the four preceding. Corbett getting in close with both hands straight out, jabbed O'Neill in the body with his right and a clinch followed. They had hardly put up their hands again when Corbett sent a swinging left into O'Neill's wind. This punch hurt, for O'Neill bent over. Quicker than the proverbial flash, Corbett whipped his right around and landed squarely on the point of the jaw. It wasn't much of a punch so far as length is concerned, but back of it was all of Corbett's strength and weight. O'Neill dropped like a log, and his head hit the floor with a whack that could be heard all over the hall.

Before Referee Crowhurst counted the ten seconds O'Neill scrambled to his feet, but he was on Queer street. He half fell through the ropes to the floor, and then started to re-enter the ring. He was not master of his own actions. His attendants tried to get him back into the ring, but he even tried to fight them off. He did not get himself together until he was taken to his dressing room. The knockout punch was the shortest and one of the hardest ever handed out in Philadelphia.

# SMALL TALK ABOUT BOXERS

Lively Gossip of Interest Concerning  
the Doings of the Fighters.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien has left for England where he goes to defend his title of middle and heavyweight champion of the tight little isle against all comers.

George Justice, the American featherweight, who has been very successful abroad has been challenged by Jack Roberts, the former 125-pound champion of England.

A permit has been issued for the twenty-round bout between Harry Forbes, the bantamweight champion, and Frankie Neil, of San Francisco. It is to take place at San Francisco on August 13.

There is no likelihood that a limited round bout will be arranged between Gus Ruhlin and Bob Armstrong, although the Tammany A. C., of Boston, is ready to give the men a good purse.

Harry Forbes, the bantam champion, has emulated the example set by Jim Corbett, "Kid" McCoy, John L. Sullivan, et al., and has gone into the saloon business. Forbes is located at Bloomington, Ill. He will continue fighting as a side issue.

Benny Yanger is far from being in good health and as a consequence he will not do any fighting for some time to come. He was to have met Eddie Hanlon again, but this bout has been declared off. Yanger is suffering from an injured back and left hand.

Eddie Hanlon, the crack San Francisco featherweight, wants to fight Young Corbett again. "If Corbett visits the Pacific Coast," says Hanlon, "I will sign articles at once for a mill and will agree to wager as much money on the outside, if he will take me on."

In the last six months the purses offered by the English boxing clubs have been cut almost half. The National Sporting Club was the first organization to make the cut, and the other clubs followed. Nowadays in England an incentive of \$1,000 is considered large.

Terry McGovern says that when he fights again his opponent will be Abe Attell. "I want to meet him," adds the ex-champion, "just to convince some critics that I am not all in. If I threw Attell aside and took on some one else they would surely accuse me of being afraid."

Another fight between Jack Root and George Gardiner may be arranged. Ever since Root was defeated by Gardiner at Fort Erie he has been persistent in his challenges until Gardiner decided to give him another chance. If the mill is made it will in all probability be decided at San Francisco during October.

Jimmy Duggan, of Buffalo, went down to defeat before Gus Gardner, of Philadelphia, at Arbeiter Hall, Saginaw, Mich., recently. A knock-out blow on the point of the jaw at the beginning of the seventh round brought to an unexpected end what was to have been a fifteen-round bout. The mill was fast and furious, both men striving for a knockout.

Great story of the Corbett-Jeffries fight in next week's POLICE GAZETTE. Fully illustrated with special poses, showing the different blows.

## RELIANCE TO DEFEND THE CUP.

The yacht Reliance has been formally selected to defend the America Cup, and the trial races have been finished. The next time the fleet yacht makes her appearance will be when she meets Shamrock III.

## "COFFEE-COOLER" DISQUALIFIED

Jack Palmer, of Newcastle, and Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee-Cooler," fought a fifteen-round match at Newcastle, England, July 27. There was much fouling and clinching, in which Craig was the worst offender. Once, when Palmer was down, Craig knelt on his chest. The American was disqualified in the twelfth round.

## WRESTLING IN ENGLAND.

A match for the bantam wrestling championship of England, under catch-as-catch-can rules, was decided at Wigan, England, the other night. The principals were J. Corrigan, of Hindley, and T. MacDonald, of Wigan. The stake at issue was \$250 and there was also a purse of \$150. Corrigan, a 2 to 1 favorite, was defeated, his opponent taking two straight falls. The first fall was gained by a fore-arm and leg hold in thirty minutes, and the next in four minutes with a half Nelson.

## KNOCKOUTS AT HARTFORD.

Probably the last fight that will take place in Connecticut for some time to come was pulled off at Hartford, on July 27, in a turf ring in the centre of the Velodrome track, between Pete Drago and "Shorty" Gans, both local men. They fought fifteen rounds to a draw at catchweights.

Two knockouts preceded the star bout, and under the new law that goes into effect on Aug. 1, a knockout carries penalties of fine and imprisonment for all connected in the bouts.

Gans and Drago indulged in a hard slugging combat, in which Drago was the aggressor and had his colored opponent clinching to save himself toward the end. Neither man scored a clean knockdown, but Gans dropped several times from stiff punches that caused him to lose his footing on the slippery turf.

## YOU ALWAYS GET IT.

The "Police Gazette" will follow you like a faithful friend, if you are a subscriber. That's the way to be sure of it, every week. 13 weeks for \$1.00 and a premium. Send for list.



PLATE NO. 38.

flesh is able to form on me. Now, would you advise me to stop with the heavy bells and use the five-pound bells, or keep right on with the lessons in the POLICE GAZETTE. Please answer me, for which I thank you in a thousand ways.

Very cordially,

R. H. GYSEL.

I have had many cases like the above, and a great many of my pupils have come to me undeveloped after having taken a course from one of the numerous alleged professors, who have gone into the business after having taken a few lessons from me. They have wasted both time and money, and I have had to undo the work that has been done and begin all over again.

My advice to my Allegheny correspondent is to keep

MAGNIFICENT ART ALBUMS, Athletic and Theatrical, \$2.50 each, This Office--They are Works of Art

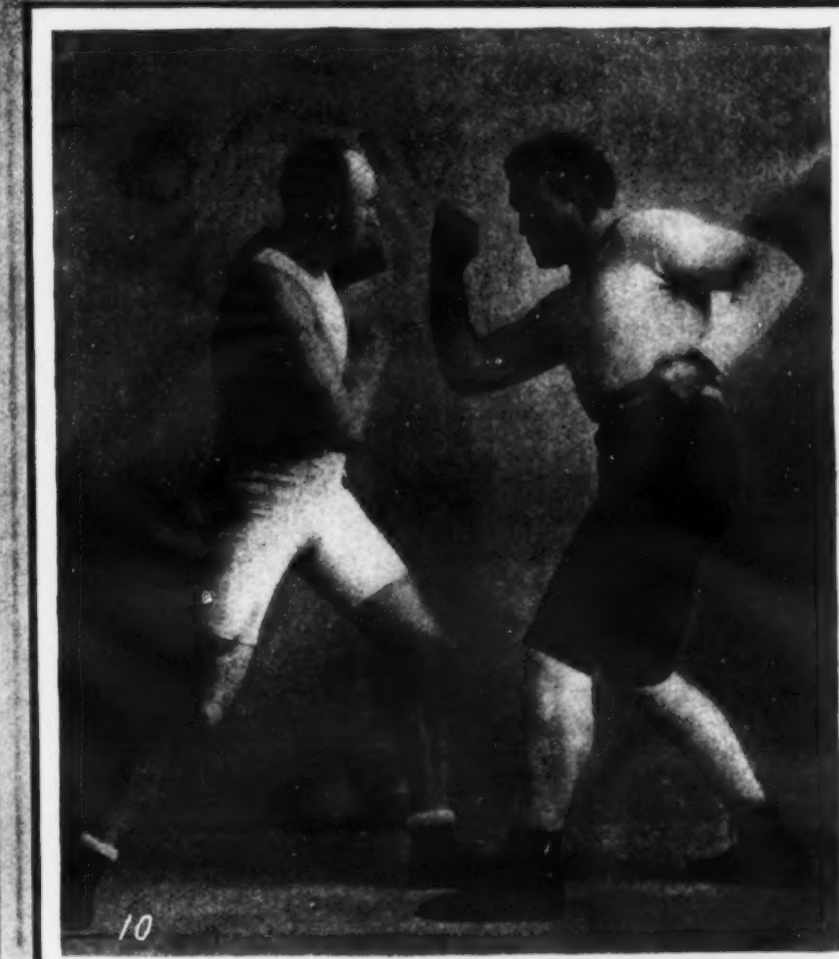
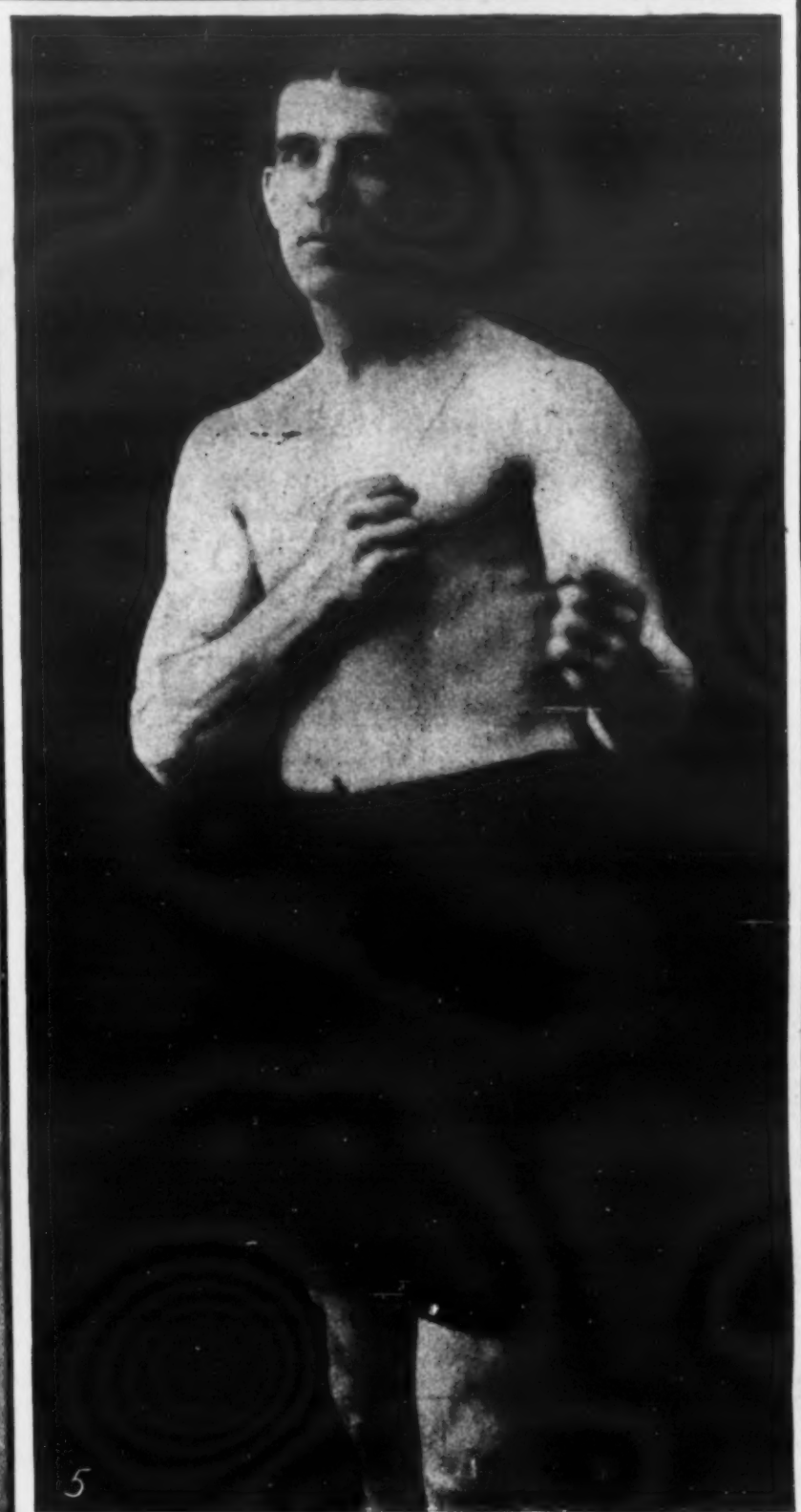
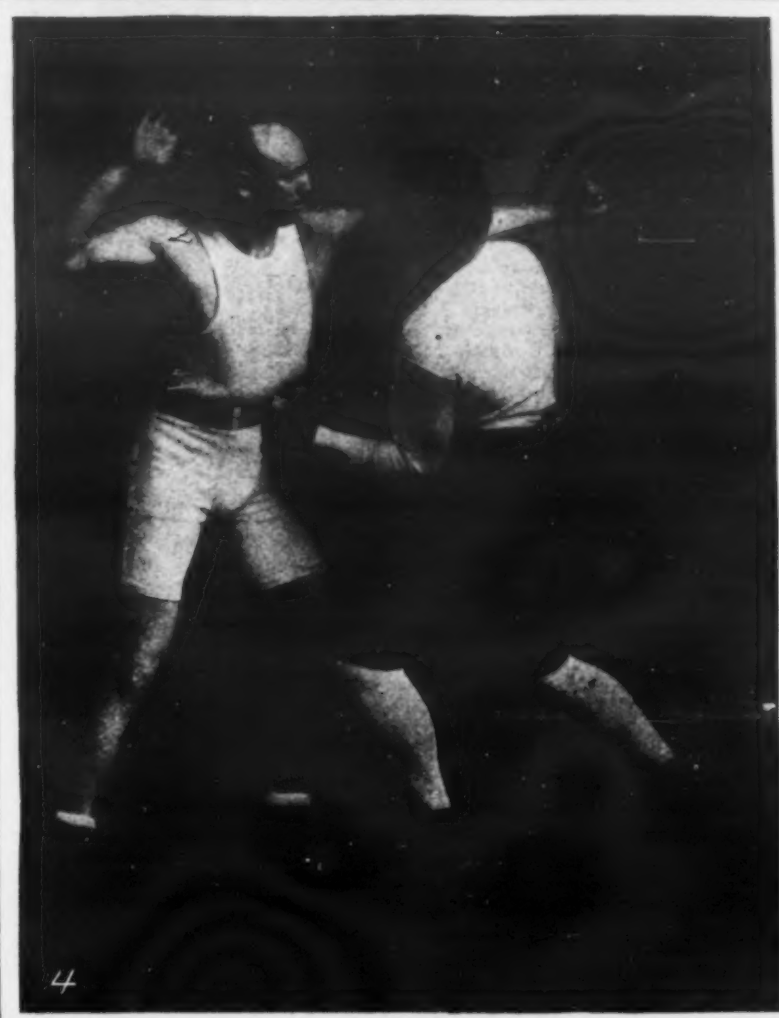




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THE CHAMPION AND  
CHARACTERISTIC POSES OF JEFFRIES AND CORBETT WHILE TRAINING  
UP-TO-DATE SPORTING MEN READ AN UP-TO-DATE





AND EX-CHAMPION.  
 AINING FOR THEIR CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
 TO-DAY SPORTING PAPER--THE POLICE GAZETTE.



# CORBETT'S FRIENDS SURE

—ON A DECISION OR, PERHAPS, A KNOCKOUT—

## HE WILL BEAT JEFFRIES

Much Depends Upon the Present Champion's Condition and Rumor Says that He Cannot Be At His Best.

### ROOT AFTER GARDINER TO GIVE HIM ANOTHER FIGHT

Another City Opens Its Doors to the Pugilists, while the Fort Erie Club has to Fight the Courts—Britt Refuses to Concede Weight.

Only another week and the entire world will be agog over the outcome of another battle for the title of heavyweight champion of the world. The match between Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett has been pending for some time, but the importance of it did not seem to impress the public mind until a week ago, when the rumors from the champion's camp affecting the big giant's condition made it appear quite possible that he would not be able to fight. Of course all the training reports are at variance and little if any dependence can be placed upon the rumors which emanate from the "hangers on." These rumors followed each other so fast that it is hard to say where one ends and the other begins. First Jeffries lets a bear bite him and then neglects the surgeon's orders, and the result is a bad case of blood poisoning. The fight with Corbett is practically off when in steps Fitzsimmons and, with the limelight shining on the bald spot, proclaims he will fight Corbett in place of the champion. Jim not to be outdone, decides that he will give Jeffries a year to recover and in the meantime will continue to cultivate his death dealing punch. No more of Fitzsimmons' solar plexus blows for Corbett. Hardly was this despatch ciphered when another states that the man who defeated Sullivan had changed his mind and would demand the forfeit money. A wonderful transfiguration takes place at Harbin Springs and Jeffries gets to work with a vengeance. All the camp followers are kept busy running for punching bags to supply the place of those demolished by the rejuvenated champion.

Behind all this nonsense which comes from the quarters of the two fighters there is a feeling gradually spreading that Jeffries is not in the condition he should be and that Corbett has a better chance of going the twenty rounds than many credit him with. The most ardent among Jeffries' admirers pretend to believe that the champion will "get" Corbett before the expiration of six rounds, but he didn't do it before and there is no reason to believe that he will do it this time. Just why Corbett's chances should not be thought much of is not quite apparent to the impartial observer. In spite of the fact that he was knocked out in the twenty-third round by the champion, while Sharkey was still on his feet at the end of twenty-five, Corbett is generally accredited with having made a better showing against Jeff than any other man.

At the end of twenty rounds it was easily Corbett's fight on points. True, he had not perceptibly hurt the husky brawler, but, on the other hand, neither had Jeffries hurt Corbett; in fact, it was just about all he could do to land on him. In the fatal twenty-third, Corbett by a slight miscalculation of the distance of the rope behind him just failed to get out of the way of that powerful left hook he had been easily dodging for over an hour.

It is admitted by everyone who recently seen Corbett at his work that he is in much better condition than ever before. So frequent and persistent has been this report from California that the "real wise ones" are actually condescending to "allow" that Corbett may have a look-in at the finish. And some of them go so far as to assert that he will win—on points.

Corbett's own statement that he has so increased his strength and hitting power that he is sure he will knock out Jeffries is not taken seriously by many. He never was a knockerout, and he can no more change the style that has been natural to him for twenty years than an old sprinter can change his stride, or an oarsman his stroke.

So, with the question of a knockout by Corbett eliminated, his sole chance of winning the heavyweight championship from James J. Jeffries will be to have himself in perfect condition. Perfect condition to Corbett means that he will have the speed of the fastest lightweight and will be able to maintain a six-round clip throughout the twenty.

If Jeffries elects to go after him from the start, the chances are he will tire before he lands "the punch," but this is not the style of Jeffries. He likes to have the fight carried to him. He has played a waiting game in all his battles, and the argument against changing style applies as well to him as to Corbett. So it is likely he will wait for Corbett to tire himself. Therefore Corbett's chances rest entirely on his condition.

To stay twenty rounds with Jeffries means that he will be the winner, for Jeffries must knock his opponent out to win. A decision on points would mean a victory for the elusive vaudeville artist, who as a scientific boxer, is classes ahead of the brawler.

The alliance of Tommy Ryan means much to Corbett, despite the attempt to ridicule it by Jeffries. No one will question the fact that Ryan coached Jeffries into winning form for his first battle with Fitzsimmons, and no adviser the champion ever had knew more about the weak points of Jeffries. No love is lost between Ryan and his former protege, and the crafty middleweight will aid Corbett in every way to cause the downfall of his enemy.

Corbett persists in claiming that he will win, but his opinion is not affected by the reports that Jeffries' admirers are offering 2 to 1 in the latter's favor. The prestige of Jeffries' two victories over Fitzsimmons and the general belief that he has gained enough in knowledge of the game to offset any possible disadvantage in condition, has virtually ruled Corbett out of the betting.

"My case was considered hopeless," Corbett says,

"when I met Peter Jackson, at a time when that great fighter was in his prime. Yet I, a mere stripling, got a draw with him after one of the longest battles in ring history."

"And how did I rank in the betting when I braved the unbeaten Sullivan? Why, they wouldn't bet money on me at any odds. At Coney Island, when I tackled Jeffries, without having done any training, I was scorned by the talent, but I didn't come far from the victory. But for carelessness I would have stayed and won the decision on points."

"With all these precedents in mind, I am not daunted by this betting straw. I am better now than ever before, because I have learned to hit. The greater the odds the better for those of my friends who have the confidence to bet on me."

**Great story of the Corbett-Jeffries fight in next week's POLICE GAZETTE. Fully illustrated with special poses, showing the different blows.**

Time has not allayed the feeling of dissatisfaction engendered by the outcome of the recent fight between Jack Root and George Gardiner, and it is more than likely that another battle will be arranged to determine the correctness of the claim advanced by the Chicago man and his manager, Lou Houseman, that the former would have won but for the foul tactics employed by Gardiner throughout the fight. Houseman exploits his intentions in a business like way, as may be seen by the following formal challenge, a copy of which reached me the other day:

**PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC CLUB, FORT ERIE, CANADA.**

My Dear Sir: Herewith I hand you certified check for \$1,000 in support of the following challenge:

On behalf of Jack Root, of Chicago, I herewith challenge George Gardiner, of Lowell, Mass., champion light heavyweight of the world, to a contest for the title, the same to be battled for at any time after September 15, 1903.

Under the terms of the championship trophy fought for at Fort Erie on July 4 last, and won by Gardiner, the holder must defend it against legitimate challenges three times successfully before it becomes his property.



E. C. STERN.

**A 135-pound Boxer of Noblesville, Ind., who Has Never Been Defeated.**

This is a legitimate challenge. It is backed up by a forfeit, which can form part and parcel of a side bet of \$2,500 if Gardiner insists upon it.

Reasons for the issuance of a challenge which upon its face is regular and in order are not necessary. Root, in his last battle with Gardiner, was defeated by as foul

a combination of circumstances as ever clouded the acquisition of a championship title. Gardiner, as the unerring eye of the camera will prove, fouled outrageously and cowardly throughout the entire contest. He hit repeatedly in the clinches against the rules. He elbowed and he throttled. He back-heeled and he held on. I can show sixty-four separate and distinct infractions of the rules in the moving pictures taken of the fight. I can show, further, that Referee McBride's right hand went up and down nine times, in token of that many seconds, in the final count-out, and that my man was on his feet, ready to continue and full of fight, at what would have been the ten count, had the ten count ever been pronounced.

I do not impugn the motives of Mr. McBride; I take umbrage at his method, that is all. A referee may be perfectly honest, and yet be incorrect. Gardiner knew that McBride was loath to decide the battle on a foul, and, taking advantage of this, fouled from gong to gong. If Gardiner elects to fight rough-house rules, that will suit me. So will the clean-break rules; but which ever style is adopted, a referee who will enforce the particular style is all I ask for. I do not want any the best of it. An even break is all I seek.

If this challenge is not accepted within two weeks I shall claim for Root the title of light heavyweight champion and the trophy given by the Fort Erie Club.

Yours very truly,

L. M. HOUSEMAN,

Manager Jack Root.

Naturally Ed McBride, who refereed the recent contest, is annoyed at Houseman's allusions and takes exception to many of the latter's reflective utterances. Warm times are promised when the 5 feet 4 Chicagoan and the peppery Buffalonian meet if—and I say it advisedly—the whole thing is not an ad. exploiting the Root-Gardiner kinetoscope pictures.

**After a hard, uphill fight to place boxing on a clean basis, the promoters of the game in Oakland, Cal., just across the bay from San Francisco, have succeeded in framing matters up so that there is a likelihood of getting an ordinance through the city council which will reopen the clubs in that flourishing centre.** When the game was killed on the eve of the Britt-Fitzgerald bout, which the Reliance people had secured after much trouble, the officers of the Reliance Club secured the passage by the Legislature of an amendment to the statutes making it possible for the governing bodies of cities and towns to permit boxing by ordinance. Then the real work began in getting up such an ordinance as could be passed. It was only after three separate bills had been presented and weeks of hard work been done that an ordinance was finally presented which received enough support to secure its passage. The mayor has signified his willingness to sign the measure when it reaches him and the clubs have been given fair warning that any attempt at fakery or other disreputable methods will result in all applications for permits being denied.

**The International A. C., of Fort Erie, Ontario, the only institution in the East where boxing matches of twenty rounds duration was permitted, will be closed for some time as the result of Jack Herman's conviction in the local court on the charge of promoting a prize fight.** The Canadian statutes permit boxing bouts, but not prize fighting. Herman was arraigned on the charge of violating the laws of Canada in promoting the Jack Root-George Gardiner bout for the world's light heavyweight championship on July 4.

In his decision, Magistrate Cruikshank showed his distinction between a boxing bout and a prize fight. Herman was recently arraigned for promoting the Erne-Zurbrick bout, upon which no championship depended, and the case was dismissed. When arraigned on the charge of promoting a fight upon which a championship hung, he was convicted. In both cases, however, large purses were fought for. A fight for a purse is evidently considered not to be a prize fight, so that the decision is rather peculiar. In both cases the same evidence was given and by the same witnesses. Herman is confident that the decision will be reversed. He claims that the charter of the International A. C. will protect him in the court of appeals.

**The closing of the club at Fort Erie will prevent the battle between George Gardiner and Bob Fitzsimmons taking place at that point at any rate.** The match had not yet been arranged, but both had agreed to certain terms and all that was necessary was to draw up the articles of agreement. Herman had already offered a purse of \$15,000 for the bout, and although several other bids had been made, the offer of the International A. C. would probably have been accepted. The bout, if arranged, was to have been held on Labor Day. If the men are matched they will probably have to go to the Pacific Coast to pull it off.

**Speaking of the probable fight between Fitzsimmons and George Gardiner for the new title of light heavyweight champion of the world, it will be a treat to see Fitzsimmons in the ring again, and with his supposed retrogression and the wonderful improvement shown by Gardiner, the match should be a pretty one.** There are many who do not believe that the old adage, "Youth will be served," will obtain in this match, and that Fitz will once more emerge from the ring a conqueror. The actual determination of this much-mooted question will, in all events, be worth going miles to see.

**Jimmy Britt, the California lightweight, is to be commended for refusing to jeopardize his reputation by engaging in a fight with a man weighing more than the match called for.** It has been the practice of some unprincipled pugilists to sign to scale at a weight they know they cannot possibly make, depending upon a chance of losing a trifling forfeit to gain the advantage, or depending upon the club, which has been put to considerable preliminary expense, to arrange matters for its own protection. A little persuasion together with the forfeit has usually been effective in getting the other man to accept the situation, but the other day when Jack O'Keefe, of Chicago, weighed in at 141½ pounds when he had agreed to weigh 133, Britt promptly refused to fight and persisted in his refusal until the match was called off.

It appears that some weeks ago the O'Keefe people posted \$250 forfeit money. This forfeit was never covered by the Britt people and a few days ago O'Keefe drew down his \$250. The absence of any forfeit money probably made the Chicagoan believe he could go into the ring at any old weight, but he found himself up against a bad argumentative proposition in Britt.

The whole affair was a fiasco of the first magnitude and culminated in a demonstration at the ringside which almost precipitated a riot.

Altogether the affair has created much dissatisfaction and will in a great measure it is thought injure the Corbett-Jeffries fight.

SAM AUSTIN.

# GEORGE DIXON'S GREAT RECORD

The Most Marvelous Fighter the World Ever Saw.

BY SAM C. AUSTIN.—No. 30.

When anybody asks who was the greatest ring fighter the world ever saw the invariable answer is George Dixon. Ever since "Little Chocolate," as he was called, came into prominence by beating Cal McCarthy, of Jersey City, N. J., for the title of featherweight champion of America, he has probably faced 850 men in battle, counting the four-round fights he had during the five or six years he was "on the road" meeting all comers. His career of champion lasted for nine consecutive years until he was forced to lower his colors to Terry McGovern. In all that time Dixon was knocked out only once. This was in an exhibition bout in Philadelphia. His opponent was known as the "Kentucky Rosebud." The boys had agreed to box lightly. The Rosebud took advantage of Dixon's consequent carelessness to land a smash on the champion's jaw. Dixon went down and out; was taken to his corner and after half a minute came back to consciousness. He went out and during the ensuing rounds gave the Rosebud a good drubbing.

When he won the championship he broke his little finger, and ten years later broke his left arm in landing



GEORGE DIXON.

on Tommy Sullivan. Aside from these two instances Dixon's cleverness has brought him through all of his numerous battles absolutely unharmed.

In the ring Dixon was a businesslike fighter. He fought to win every time, and always cleanly and fairly. During his career Dixon picked up money like a Klondike miner. When he was not fighting he was doing a theatrical turn for a remuneration of \$500 a week. He and his manager cleaned up approximately \$250,000. His share of that Dixon spent as fast as it was handed to him. His favorite diversions were betting on horses and listening to the popping of champagne corks.

Dixon is as game as a fighting cock. Perhaps in none of his victorious battles he gave such an exhibition of this quality as he showed when he was being defeated by Terry McGovern.

The coming champion was swinging with all the fierceness that earned him the name "Terrible Terry." The best that Dixon could deliver had failed to stand him off. The colored boy was weakening under the shower of blows he received. Dixon knew that he was whipped. Still he never gave a sign of distress.

Time and again Dixon was forced to clinch. Every time McGovern blocked him with his left arm and with the right hammered savagely at the black boy's kidneys. Dixon's legs seemed to be paralyzed from the effect of the terrible body punching.

In the eighth round, almost unable to stand, Dixon was sent down to the floor seven times by Terry's blows. From bruised mouth and nose he was streaming blood, yet he fought desperately. At last he lay in a corner. His legs refused to respond to his brave efforts to get up. Grinning, he met defeat.

After that Dixon's star passed below the horizon. After winning battles for years with hardly an interruption, Dixon's luck changed. Since losing to McGovern he has lost a dozen fights. His latest defeat, in England, marks the finish of the greatest little fighter of a decade, for an American boxer who cannot win across the pond would have no chance at all among the fighters here.

Among the famous fighters who have been beaten by Dixon are Eddie Santry, Eddie Lenny, Joe Bernstein, "Kid" Broad, Tommy White, Sam Bolen, Dave Sullivan, Oscar Gardner, Young Griffo, Solly Smith, Martin Flaherty and Will Curley.

The unparalleled record of this remarkable little fighter will be found in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," together with the records of many of those whom he has defeated. Send ten cents to this office and receive a copy of this great little book.

**NEXT WEEK—GEORGE MCFADDEN.**

**SIR THOMAS LIPTON AFTER IT.**

Shamrock III. is here for another yacht race for the cup. Previous races are in the Police Gazette Sporting Annual. 10 cents.



## INFORMATION BUREAU OPEN

—WE ANSWER INTRICATE QUESTIONS—

## FOR GAZETTE READERS

If You Wish to Know Anything About Pugilism, Athletics,  
Yachting, Racing or Trotting, Ask Us.

DON'T HESITATE TO SEND A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate  
Information to Settle Various Wagers.

J. McC., —Better stay away from New York. No fighting here.

C. L. B., Honolulu.—The records you ask for have never been compiled.

F. H. J., West Superior, Wis.—We have no photos of the Mace-King battle.

L. H. H., Salem, Mass.—What is the nationality of Young Corbett?.....He is an American born.

W. W. N., Phillipsburg, Mont.—Does your "Annual" give the records of the fastest paces?.....Yes.

F. E. N., Spokane, Wash.—Tell us if the Turk, Hall Adall, has ever thrown Bech Olsen?.....No record of it.

W. S., Easton, Pa.—Where can I learn to be a jockey?.....Make application to some trainer at the local tracks.

L. A. L., Shreveport, La.—A bets that Corbett was never champion of the world; B bets he was?.....He never was.

T. W. R., Minneapolis, Minn.—What is the 100-yard record of Charles Koenig, of St. Peter, Minn.?.....No record of him.

R. W., Seattle, Wash.—Is there any premium on fifty-cent pieces of 1847, coined in New Orleans?.....Inquire of a coin dealer.

N. S., Chicago.—What is the present address of Solly Smith, the featherweight boxer?.....Do not know where he is at present.

N. P., Ocala, Fla.—Which gives the most exercise, bowling or playing baseball?.....Baseball, inasmuch as it gives good exercise in running.

J. B., Whatcom, Wash.—Give me the address of Hjalmar Lundin, the Swedish wrestler?.....Care of New York Clipper, New York city.

H. H. G.—How far is Fort Erie from Buffalo? How far is it from Niagara Falls to Fort Erie?.....1. Across the river. 2. Short trolley car ride.

M. B., Redondo Beach, Cal.—Can you give me the address of Madam Louise Armaingo, ex-champion lady bicyclist?.....Have not heard of her in many years.

G. S., New York.—What are Young Corbett's chest and waist measurements? What are McGovern's? Where is Attila's physical culture school?.....1. Thirty-

or no trump, when cards are all played out nobody had a trump and two players had game a tie, how would you call that hand?.....1. C can change his play and the house can make its rules. 2. Only game out and non-dealer gets it.

W. E. L., Waterloo, N. Y.—Where can I purchase a copy of the American Jockey Club's rules?.....American Jockey Club, New York city, will supply a copy without cost.

J. B. H., Ft. Monroe, Va.—A and B play a game of auction pitch, seven points; A is six and B five; A bids one and B two; A plays low and B high, game. Who wins?.....A wins.

G. W. H., Lansford, Pa.—Is a man counted out supposed to be knocked out, or is there any difference in a knockout and a count out?.....Yes. He is knocked out when he is insensible.

C. O., Manistique, Mich.—How many rounds was the fight between Corbett and Sullivan? Also if they ever had any other fight?.....1. Twenty-one rounds. 2. Only sparring an exhibition.

Charles Jenkins, Cairo, Egypt.—Can I get all the lessons of Prof. Attila with small dumb-bells and tell me the price?.....Send \$1.80 for the eighteen numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE in which they appeared.

P. G., Ohio City, O.—A bets B that the mare Soundly will win at Newport Saturday; she was scratched and did not start; who wins?.....If there were no play or pay conditions A gets his money back.

J. H., Three Creek, Idaho.—Casino; A has twenty points; B has eleven; B makes ten points and A makes one, which is an ace. Who wins?.....A wins. Points go out as follows: Big casino, little casino, aces, cards and spades.

C. G. V., New York.—Give me information as to the whereabouts of Billy Armstrong, of Seattle, Wash., who defeated "Kid" Parker?.....Probably at their training quarters now at Harbin Springs, Cal. Write to Jeffries and ask about him.

J. B., Amsterdam, O.—Draw poker; A breaks the pot on two jacks; B stays on three treys; A splits the jacks and lays one face up on the table without calling it and makes a diamond flush. Who wins the pot?.....Opener wins, but it is usual to announce a split.

F. B., Newport News, Va.—Where can I get punching bag platforms? Can you let me know the makers of the Keeley Brothers platform?.....1. Any sporting goods house in Richmond can supply them. 2. It was made to order under their personal direction.

A. S., Bath.—Did Bill Poole ever fight John Morrissey rough and tumble? Did Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe fight after Dempsey fought Fitzsimmons?.....1. Yes, on July 24, 1884. 2. Yes, McAuliffe fought Young Griffo and Dempsey fought Tommy Ryan.

P. J. McK., Rutherford, N. J.—Did Jack Dempsey defeat La Blanche in their first fight or was it at their second fight? A bets it was the first fight; B bets it was the second? Did Dempsey meet Tommy Ryan at Coney Island after his fight with Fitzsimmons?.....1. In their first fight at Larchmont, N. Y. 2. Yes.

J. T. P., Fort Assiniboine, Mont.—Is there a ship afloat that has to take her masts down in order to go under the Brooklyn Bridge? Is there a ship afloat that can support a mast 225 feet in height?.....1. Yes, many ships have to lower topmasts to go under. 2. No definite knowledge on the subject. Doubt it, however.

Trumpeter, Lytle Station, Ga.—Euchre; A and C are partners, also B and D; B is dealing; can D order his partner to pick up the trump and give him his best and go it alone? Also if the trump is passed and turned down and B makes the trump and calls for his partner's best cannot A or C call for his partner's best?.....1. No. 2. Yes.

D. A. W., Augusta, Ga.—A, B and C are playing draw poker; A deals, B passes, C opens, thinking he has got a straight; A passes out; B stayed with two tens; C stands pat; B draws three cards and makes three tens; C discovers that he has not got a straight; does that entitle B to the pot?.....B wins, but C must put up size of pot as penalty.

W. & M., Echo, Minn.—A and B are playing California dice, where you can count an ace anything; A throws four sixes in three throws and B throws five aces in three throws; A claims aces don't count for anything unless with something; B claims aces are low, but five low ones beat four big ones; which wins, five aces or four sixes?.....Five aces win.

Reader, Schenectady, N. Y.—A bets B that the penalty for running a "ringer" or a crooked horse race in Germany, if found guilty, is death by hanging; B bets they cannot hang a man in Germany for running a crooked race or "ringing" a horse. Who wins the bet?.....Fred Foster, the American trainer, who has just returned from Germany, says it is not so.

W. B., Canajoharie, N. Y.—A, B, C, D and E are playing a game of poker; A is dealing, and E, to his right, cuts the cards and sees something that doesn't suit him and calls for a shuffle, and hands them back to A; he shuffles again; does E get another chance to cut or not? A game of euchre, four-handed; A is dealing and turns up hearts; all passed and A turns it

down; B makes it diamonds, next; C plays it alone; does he make four, or can he play it alone? A and C are partners.....1. E has a right to cut after the last shuffle. 2. He can play it alone but only gets two for euchre.

L. P., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Did Emil Silva ever wrestle August Faust? Why doesn't Young Corbett give Benny Yanger a chance? What color tights did Yanger wear in his last fight? Has Yanger ever lived in New York? A bets B that Hanlon would knock Yanger out and the bout was a draw. Who wins?.....1. No record of it. 2. He will some day. 3. White. 4. Yes. 5. B wins.

W. G., Amsterdam, N. Y.—Four men are playing jack-pot; A passes, B passes, and also C; D opens the pot, for the downs, thinking he has a straight, and has no stayer; when it comes to show his openers he discovers a mistake in his hand, and an argument comes up; A, B and C say that D should let all the money stay in the pot until somebody's hand is strong enough to win it; D says no, he has no right to do so, but has a right to let everybody's ante stay in?.....D draws down his money.

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## MILLER KNOCKED OUT CORCORAN.

Herman Miller, of Baltimore, sent Tommy Corcoran, of Savannah, down and out in the eighteenth round of what was to have been a twenty-round contest before the Savannah (Ga.) A. C., recently.

It was a straight right to the jaw that did the work, while Corcoran was ducking away from a feint with the left that Miller made.

Five times during the fight Corcoran was knocked down clean. Had he succeeded in staying the twenty rounds, as was his endeavor, he could not possibly have got even a draw, Referee Jenkins declared after the fight.

A special supplement, containing the full account of the Corbett-Jeffries battle in San Francisco, will be issued with next week's POLICE GAZETTE. Order your copy in advance.

## JONES AND BEEBE DRAW.

In a fast six-round bout "Kid" Beebe and Grif Jones divided the honors at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, July 30. Beebe was far the cleverer and used a good left to advantage in the forepart of the bout, but he seemed to tire in the last two rounds. Jones fought in his usual aggressive manner, never letting up for a minute in his eager desire to get at his opponent.

## SUBSTITUTE WON BOUT.

Johnny Fitzgerald failed to live up to his agreement to box Jack Shea at the Lenox Club, Boston, Mass., on July 24, and Young Sidney, of the West End, was substituted. Although Shea appeared to have the advantage in weight he was unable to land effectively on the colored boy.

The latter forced Shea around the ring and nearly won in the first round, landing a hard right-hand swing on Shea's jaw. Shea did better in the second round, but in the third Sidney began a fusillade of body punches, which weakened the South Boston lad.

The end came in the fourth, when, after taking a severe whipping, Shea fell to the mat, claiming he had been fouled. Dan Donnelly, the referee, refused to allow the claim and awarded the decision to Sidney.

In the preliminaries "Spike" Haley, of South Boston, won from Matty Jones, of Brooklyn, in the first round, and Fred Vanuch boxed a six-round draw with Jack Foley.

## WEALTHY BASEBALL PLAYERS.

It is probable that Edward J. Deleahanty, baseball star, who was drowned in Niagara River, did not leave anything outside of some life insurance. Yet Deleahanty earned almost as much money as any other man that has played baseball for a living. He spent his earnings on the race track, where he was known as a gay sport. It is not always the ballplayer who earns the most that has the greatest amount of wealth saved up.

Fred Clark, manager of the Pirates, is said to be the richest of the present colony of ballplayers. He has earned big wages for years, and has been successful in investments. He is probably worth \$75,000.

Billy Hamilton, who has just quit the game as manager at Worcester, Mass., is the next in point of wealth. He has been a saver from the start of his baseball career. Lajole and others have earned more money than he, but have not saved it. Buck Ewing of Cincinnati is an example of frugality among the old-timers. Comiskey is another, although he has added thousands to his pile as magnate.

## CANOLE HAS \$5,000.

Martin Canole, of Fall River, Mass., is looking for fight. Not the quarrelsome kind, but a fight with the rope trimmings and the white lights. He is looking for it everywhere and sighting along a roll of long green with \$5,000 engraved on it.

Up to date he hasn't found any game. And he complains that the topnotchers in the knuckle push are hiding from him.

That seems strange if they got a glimpse of the five thousand.

"I will fight any man in the world at 133 pounds," declares Canole, "and I have backing for \$5,000 in real money. I wired Jimmy Britt, the 'Frisco lightweight, but he ignored my message. I'll fight Young Corbett at 125 pounds, or any of the good ones who will draw."

James H. Connell, of Boston, and John Welsh, are interested in Canole, and say they will back him.

Canole worked in a factory at Fall River. He is only twenty years old and has already whipped twenty-seven men. He has not yet been defeated.

Canole draws the color line. That bars Gans.

## ERNE AND GANS MAY MEET AGAIN

It is possible that Joe Gans and Frank Erne may have another meeting. Here is a letter recently received from Al Herford, which bears on the matter:

"While I was in San Francisco with Joe Gans and Young Peter Jackson I was very much surprised to see by the papers that Frank Erne had entered the ring again after declaring that he had retired. I was also pleased to hear that he defeated Walter Zurbick, although I had no doubt as to the outcome. Now, the night that Gans won the lightweight championship I promised Erne a return match if Gans defeated him. If

Erne is anxious for such a fight I will gladly do business with him. All I ask is for the International A. C. to guarantee a reasonable purse, with the privilege of working on a percentage basis, the winner take all or the purse to be divided, seventy-five per cent to the winner and twenty-five per cent to the loser. I will make the match at whatever weight suits Erne, and will expect both parties to post \$1,000 as a guarantee for weight.

"I read an account in one of the papers where Erne was getting heavy and would have to go in the welter-weight class. Well, I will let Gans meet him at any weight he names. If Erne does not want any more of



LEW BAKER.

Black-face Comedian who is One of the Best and Always Makes a Hit.

Gans' game, and if the Fort Erie club thinks well enough of Iube Ferns' drawing powers to guarantee a purse, I will let Gans fight Ferns at 140 pounds ring-side."

## SOME NOTED OARSMEN.

[WITH PHOTOS.]

The POLICE GAZETTE takes pleasure in printing in this week's issue a page of portraits of some men who are prominently identified with amateur athletics. This is especially interesting in view of the fact that about the time this paper is issued—August 14—some of the best eight in the country will be at Worcester, Mass., competing for the Richard K. Fox \$2,500 silver cup, a trophy which has already been described and pictured in these columns.

The contest for this cup will be the principal event of the meeting, and the extraordinary beauty and value of the prize has attracted some of the best oarsmen in the country.

The gentlemen whose features are reproduced on page 5 are too well known in the world of amateur sport to need an introduction here, and there is not one who hasn't a most enviable record on the water.

Who is there who does not know Jim Pilkington and J. E. Nagle when they used to wear the colors of the Metropolitan Rowing Club? Singles and doubles were their favorites, and they were both deservedly popular. J. O. Regan, of the Metropolitan, was also a famous double and single sculler, but he has retired from active participation to a certain extent, and now devotes most of his time to his sporting resort, Cob Dock, at Hester street and the Bowery.

Among the others whose names were familiar on the Harlem river in the old days is E. H. Anderson, of the Dauntless. He was a single sculler, and there were few who could head him for the home stake eighteen or twenty years ago.

J. J. Mulcahy, of the Atalantas, was a contestant for the junior championship a few years ago, but he lost no prestige when he lost the race. He is now captain and trainer and has some good crews out, notably an intermediate eight, which fondly hopes to bring home from Worcester the Richard K. Fox cup.

The single scullers who have beaten Frank Vesely, of the Bohemians, are few and far between, and many an ambitious sculler has had to take his wash. He lost to Titus not long ago.

Fred P. Kafka, the president of the Atalantas, has done good work in the doubles, and his friends believe that his best performances are yet to come.

## EVERY BARTENDER NEEDS IT.

The latest and best Bartenders' Guide will be sent free with the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks on receipt of \$1.00.



GENEROSO PAVEZE.

Police Gazette Champion Fencer who is Ready at all Times to Defend His Title against any Reputable Swordsman. Address the Editor.

eight and thirty inches. 2. Thirty-six and twenty-nine and one-half inches. 3. Broadway and Thirty-seventh street, New York city.

J. H., Springfield, Mass.—Who is the feather-weight champion pugilist of the world?.....McGovern was the last man to win the title at the recognized weight.

M. D., Haverstraw, N. Y.—Let me know what "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien's address is.....Care H. M. Schlechter, Sporting Editor The Item, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. M., Los Angeles, Cal.—In a game of pitch, four men playing, A's lead, B is a little slow in playing his card, and C plays ahead of his turn; also had no trump; then after B plays, C takes his card back and changes his play; can C do it? For instance, C played a ten, and after B plays he wants to change his play; which is right? Also, can a house make its own rules about that? In a three-handed game of seven-up, agreed beforehand to stand the hand and no begging, trump

## AN OFFER TO BARBERS.

If you can use a fine "Barber's Recipe Book," you can have it free by sending in \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for 13 weeks.

ART ALBUM FREE--Actresses or Athletes--Send 5 13-week Subscriptions to Police Gazette at \$1 each





THREW A LAMP AT HER RIVAL.

HOW A JEALOUS LOUISVILLE, KY., WOMAN SOUGHT REVENGE UPON A PRETTY DAMSEL WHOM SHE CAUGHT DRINKING WITH HER BETTER-HALF.



WANTED TO GO TO CAMP.

TWO ADVENTUROUS CHICAGO GIRLS ATTIRE THEMSELVES IN SOLDIER'S COSTUME, BUT ARE CAUGHT WHEN THEY ARE ABOUT TO BOARD A TRAIN.





DELLA FOX.

A CHARMING COMEDIENNE WHO HAS APPEARED IN SOME OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL COMIC OPERAS AND IS NOW DOING A CLEVER VAUDEVILLE ACT.



## FAVORITE DISPENSERS

Send in New Drinks for the "Police Gazette" Medal.



Herman H. Gross, of 94 North Clark street, Chicago, is an expert mixologist and the inventor of a popular beverage which, throughout the West, is called a "Gross Fizz." Mr. Gross has presided at many of the best hotels in the West and is a favorite in the Windy City.

## AFTER THE MEDALS

MANY AMERICAN BARTENDERS ARE HUSTLING NOW.

Here's a letter and recipe from a man of Durango, Col., which will give an idea of the great interest that is being taken in the contest for the three "Police Gazette" medals:

DEAR SIR—I am going to enter your competition for the prizes on invention of new drinks. I think this competition is a great scheme, and I have taken much interest in it from my papers.

I have the greatest idea in a new drink that ever came down the pike, or, I might say, it is a great discovery; it is not an invention, properly speaking, but it is a real discovery. The great beauty of this thing is that it will come in just now, if you give it a send-off and a boom with your paper at exactly the right time, and it ought to make a sensation and a craze greater than any that has been seen since the time of the first appearance of the "Tom Collins."

Talk about medals! Why, this grand inspiration is entitled to at least half a dozen, as I think you will admit when I tell you that it is to be known as the "Sir Thomas Lipton Cocktail," or, as ordinarily it will probably be called, for short, a "Lipton," for the boys will walk up and say, "Three Liptons," etc.

This drink is simplicity itself, and it is as delightful (particularly for a summer drink) as it is simple. This you will observe from the following directions:

Make first an ordinary Dry Gin Cocktail; that is to say, put cracked ice in glass, with a few drops only of syrup, a light dash of Orange Bitters (or other, if preferred, and pour over a wine-glassful of gin, brand as preferred; stir with a mixing spoon and strain into cocktail glass, which set before customer; then pour gently on the top of cocktail, over the bottom of the bowl of the spoon, about a mixing spoonful of Creme-de-Menthe; the Creme-de-Menthe will sink slowly down through the cocktail and blend with it in some slight degree, but most of it will go to the bottom of the cocktail glass, which will produce an after taste that, coming after the gin, is very refreshing and delicate.

The Creme-de-Menthe, giving to the mixture a green tint, varying from deep green in the bottom to opalescent green at the top, makes it one of the prettiest simple drinks to look at that I have ever seen; and this green coloring gave me the idea of naming this great drink, as stated before, the "Sir Thomas Lipton Cocktail," in honor of the Shamrock and one of the greatest sportsmen that has ever set foot on American soil.

I feel that Sir Thomas himself, if he sees and tries this drink, will give it his official and personal approval and endorsement, and if the mixture strikes the public taste, as it has struck my taste and that of several of my friends, then the rage for "Liptons" will set in all over the East.

As you will see, my invention—or discovery—is simply the blending of the Creme-de-Menthe with the "Gin Cocktail," but this point I claim as my own original idea. And I thereby and hereby enter myself for one of the biggest \$75 medals that you can conscientiously put up.

I apologize for shoving such a long letter at you, but am anxious to impress upon you the importance of this truly wonderful combination. And I beg to remain, hoping to hear from you, either through the columns of your paper or direct, very respectfully yours,

A. H. GRANT,

The Commercial Club, Durango, Col.

We take pleasure in publishing Mr. Grant's recipe and letter in full. It is very interesting and will give the

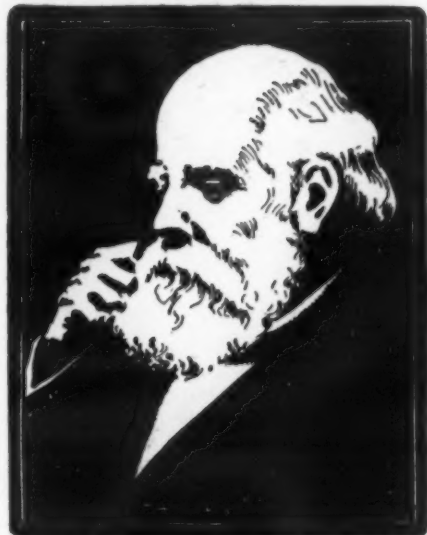
## I CURE SYPHILIS

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My Mysterious Compound Startles the World With Its Wonderful Cures—With This Marvelous Secret No Man or Woman Need Suffer From Syphilis and It Is My Mission on Earth Henceforth to Restore All Suffering Men and Women to Perfect Health.

Send No Money—Simply Send Your Name and Address and This Marvelous Compound Will be Sent to You by Return Mail. Prepaid, Absolutely Free.

I have found the marvelous secret of Nature in restoring perfect health to men and women suffering from syphilis, in any stage. To me it has been given to bring to the weary, sore, worn-out brothers and sisters the knowledge of this priceless boon, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth I send my message of



"No Man Is Lost—There is a Sure Cure for Syphilis."—Dr. Ferris.

love and peace and hope and help. Unbelievers may scoff and cry "fake," but I heed them not. My work has just begun and I am saving men.

The secret of this mighty healing power, this marvelous fluid is known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me, but I give to every man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to perfect health. With this marvelous mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible to heal at once the awful sores, clear the complexion of the copper spots, dry up the mucous patches, heal the ulcers and leave the body clean and healthy and wholesome. With this mysterious compound no man or woman will ever again be troubled with syphilis or any of its evil effects.

Remember it matters not what stage your case may be in. It matters not how long you have had it, how you got it or when you got it. It matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or medicinal method of treatment, but it is the vital life spark itself, and it matters not how many remedies or doctors have failed I have repeatedly and instantly cured the worst old cases, healed the sores and caused the mucous patches, copper colored spots, and other evidences of this terrible poison to disappear like magic. My secret compound never fails, and its cures are lasting; never again are any of my people troubled with Syphilis. My private address is Dr. C. Sargent Ferris, 8014 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every person suffering from syphilis to send to me and I will forward by first mail, prepaid, a package of my marvelous discovery. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, and yet I seek not fame or glory. It suffices me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing all men to the enjoyment of perfect health and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that in my power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

thousands of bartenders and hotel men who read the POLICE GAZETTE something to think about.

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### APPETIZER COCKTAIL.

(By F. W. Billeb, Apollo Bunder, Bombay, India.)

One-third wine glass brandy; one-third wine glass Maraschino; one-third wine glass Red Curacao; three dashes orange bitters; two dashes Angostura bitters; shake well; strain and serve with a piece of lemon peel.

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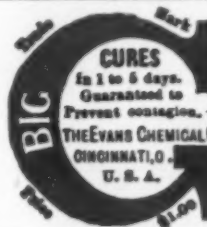
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## OUR EXPERT TONSORIALISTS

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Record Breaker.



Charles A. Curcio, of 113 Hudson street, Jersey City, N. J., is out with a challenge to compete in a match for the fastest hair cut and shave for a wager of \$50 to \$100. Mr. Curcio is an adept with the shears and razor and has many admirers in Jersey City.

## WIN A MEDAL.

TONSORIALISTS ARE INVITED  
TO COMPETE FOR THE FINE  
POLICE GAZETTE TROPHIES.

Here is an idea for some of the barbers who are energetic and ambitious.

When you get ready to try for your record and the "Police Gazette" prizes, you could have a public announcement made, giving the location of your shop and the hour. Invite the reporters of the newspapers in your city to be present and make a big time of it.

It doesn't take a very smart man to realize what a fine advertisement this would be, and advertising can never hurt anyone.

By following out a proposition of this kind a boss barber can make a very good thing out of it.

Here are the prizes:

First Prize - \$75.00 gold medal to the man who lathers and shaves the greatest number of men in 30 minutes.

Second Prize - \$50.00 gold medal for the quickest and most artistic hair cut, military style, using scissors and comb only.

Third Prize - \$25.00 for the quickest single shave, the contestant to do the lathering.

Write all the letters to this office you like, but it may save you a lot of trouble to tell you now that there are very few conditions.

All you are to do is to go ahead and see what you can do.

Don't ask what the best record is, for that is a question that will not be answered.

You can try as often as you like. Send for entry blanks, as many as you think you can use, and if you have any friends who don't know about this contest you may be doing them a favor if you tell them of it.

The first prize is a beauty and well worth working hard for.

The winner ought to feel very proud.

The other two medals are equally as handsome.

We have just published a new book at the expense of many thousands of dollars, and it treats on wrestling. It is by George Bothner, the lightweight champion, and contains about eighty full page halftone plates. It is the finest and most complete book on the subject

## BARBERS, ATTENTION!

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ever published. You can have one free if you will send \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks. It is worth that to see the cover in colors, upon which is one of the most remarkable photographs ever taken.

### ENTRIES RECEIVED.

The following barbers are in the contest for the "Police Gazette" medals:

Morris Arnest, 1035 Sixth Avenue; A. Loguesco, C. Nervuso, Otto Strack, 1075 Avenue A; Albert Tetzel, 256 W. 116th street; Charles Verto, Angelo V. Telesco, Andrew Magno, Mike Barba, S. Ragone, G. Di Marco, A. Vicione, Theodore Renner, John Stilson, D. Canisario, New York City.

V. Miele, 109 Park Avenue; R. Murphy, 149 Norman Avenue; H. Hammerschmidt, M. Partore, Paul Garite, Andrew Musso, 1205 Gates Avenue; C. D. Adelnour, Charles Marino, T. Vito, J. C. Hirsch, Brooklyn, N. Y. B. Terrania, 700 S. Front, Philadelphia, Pa. Harry H. Rothrock, Malta, O. Jerry Magno, Somerville, Mass.

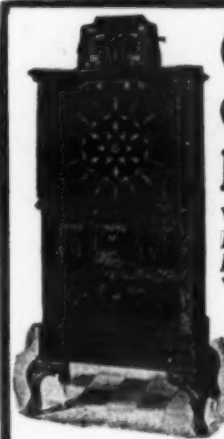
John Costian, Fort DuChesne, Utah. Joe Fago, Frank Dacey, 137 Broad Street, Stapleton, Staten Island.

John Avlie, 108 Fourth Avenue, Paterson, N. J.

### M'GOVERN MADE QUIGLEY QUIT.

After receiving a good drubbing at the hands of Hughey McGovern, of Brooklyn, Tommy Quigley, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., quit at the end of the fourth round at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on August 3. Quigley was at a decided disadvantage, McGovern having height, reach and weight in his favor. At times Hughey used very poor judgment, leaving himself open to a punch that, had any landed on the right spot, would have ended the bout.

### SLOT MACHINES.



## Coin Operating Machines

We Make the Best  
Money and Trade  
Machines in the  
World.

We have machines in many new varieties as well as those with which you are familiar. In fact machines of all descriptions.

Write for 48 page Catalog.

C. H. MILES,

5 to 17 W. Madison St., Chicago.

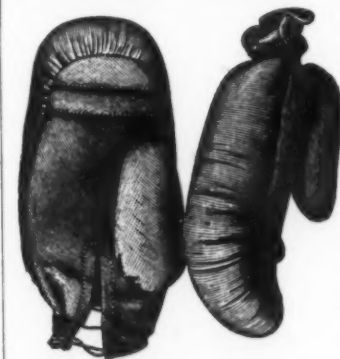
## 6-SLOT ROULETTE

EQUAL TO FOUR OR FIVE ORDINARY  
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NOVELTY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.

AGENTS. (Slot Machines.) New; just out. Big money-makers. Best Novelty Co., Hartford, Conn.

OWLS \$15; Owl Jrs. \$14; Detroit's \$38; Musicals \$60; Pucks \$35. Box 121, Sandusky, O.

## BOXING GLOVES FREE



A fine set of gloves made of the best Yucatan kid and filled with fine quality hair will be given as a premium to anyone sending in \$4.75 for one year's subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE.

RICHARD K. FOX,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 340, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED to sell a positive cure for corns and bunions, without pain or inconvenience. C. HYDE, 1056 E. 169th St., New York.

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GO-REA "The Quick Repair." Guaranteed to cure Gonorrhea, Gleet and Leucorrhea. Sure, safe, painless, \$1 cures. No case known it has ever failed to cure. 1 to 5 days. Sent in plain box for \$1. THE GO-REA CO., 184 J. Dearborn St., Chicago.

MORPHINE HOME CURE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. St. Paul Association, Suite 851, 48 Van Buren St., Chicago.

ADAMS' OINTMENT never fails to cure Piles, Eczema and Skin Inflammation. Mailed for 25 cents by Adams Remedy Co., 1088 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Discount to trade wholesale.

A SECRET For Weak or Undeveloped Men. New Idea Co., 65, Marshall, Mich.

## CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

Is the name sometimes given to what is generally known as the BAD DISEASE. It is not confined to dens of vice or the lower classes. The purest and best people are sometimes infected with this awful malady through handling the clothing, drinking from the same vessel, using the same toilet articles, or otherwise coming in contact with persons who have contracted it.

It begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groin, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eye brows and lashes fall out and, as the blood becomes more contaminated, copper colored spots and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

Our MAGIO CURE is a Specific for this loathsome disease, and cures it even in the worst forms. It is a perfect antidote for the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless you get this poison out of your blood it will ruin you, and bring disgrace and disease upon your children for it can be transmitted from parent to child.

Write for our free home treatment book and learn all about contagious blood poison. If you want medical advice give us a history of your case, and our physicians will furnish all the information you wish without any charge whatever.

We have a NEW SECRET REMEDY absolutely unknown to the profession. Permanent cures in 15 to 25 days. We refund money if we do not cure. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guaranty. With those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or pay expense of coming, railroad and hotel bills, and make no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have aches and pains, mucous patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper-colored spots, ulcers on any parts of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this secondary blood poison we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years we have made a specialty of treating this disease with our MAGIO CURE, and we have \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty.

WE CURE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY. Our patients cured years ago by our Great Discovery, unknown to the profession, are today sound and well, and have healthy children since we cured them.

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will quickly and permanently cure all Nervous Diseases, Sexual Weakness, Insomnia, Failing Memory etc., restoring all organs to their natural condition. Give these tablets a trial and you'll not be disappointed. 50 cents per box; 6 Boxes \$2.50. Mailed in plain package on receipt of price, by JOSEPH FLEMING & SON, Druggists, 412 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Safety Crayons prevent Gonorrhea and other Urinary Diseases if used any time within twelve hours after coition. Simple and easy to use. Clean and sanitary. By mail, in plain wrapper, \$1.00 a box. SANITARY CHEMICAL CO., DEPT. C, 177-179 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size. Perfect Vigor and Nerve Force to Small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. DR. KNAPP MED. CO., 798 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., gladly send this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

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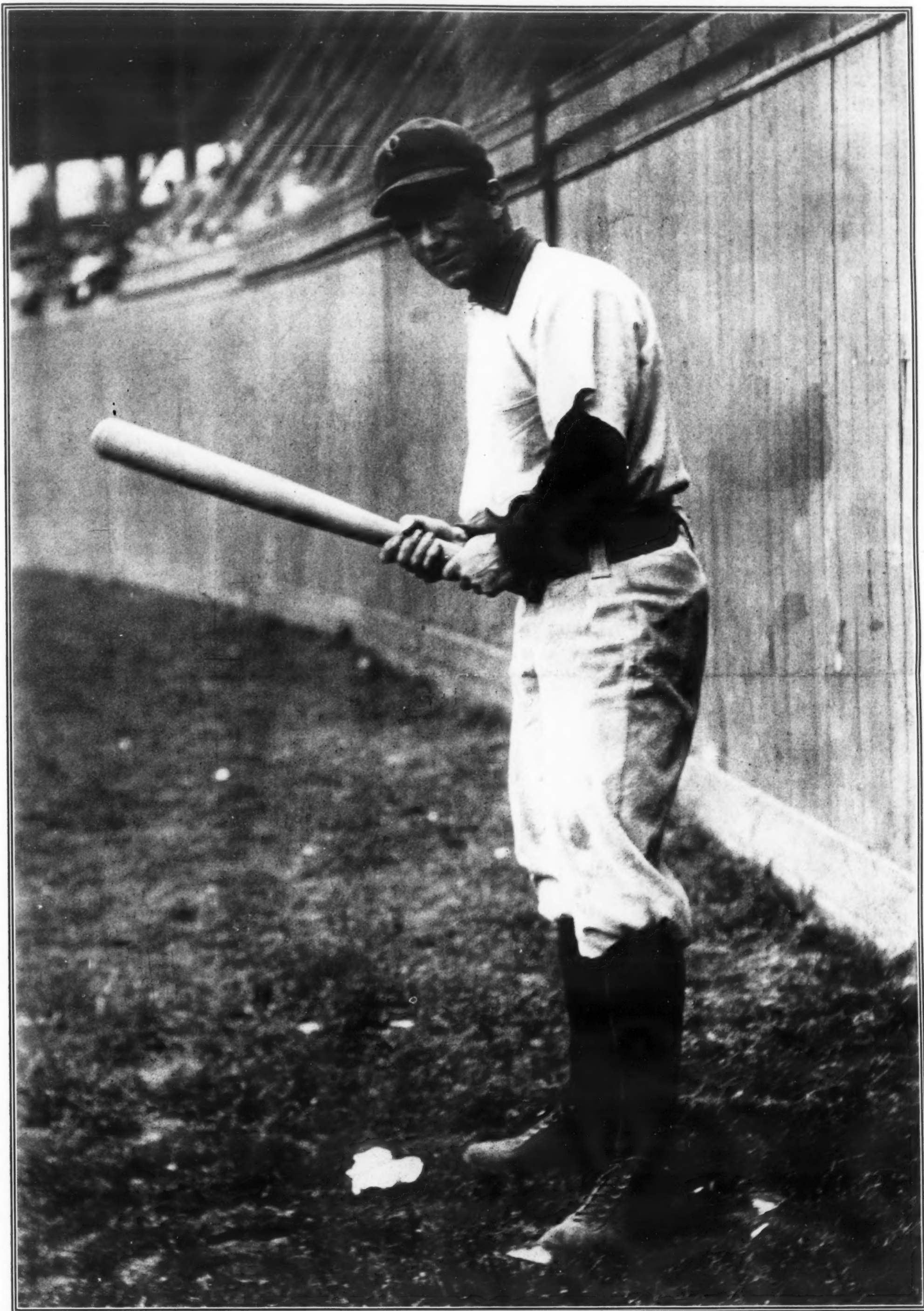


Photo by VANDER WEYDE, New York.

**TOMMY LEACH.**

Star Third Baseman who is Playing Championship Ball with the Pittsburgs.  
National Police Gazette, Aug. 15, 1903, No. 1357.